

THE  
**CRITICAL REVIEW.**

**SERIES THE THIRD.**

---

Vol. XXII.

MARCH, 1811.

No. III.

---

ART. I.—*The Curse of Kehama.* By Robert Southey. Longman, 1810. Quarto. Printed by Ballantyne. 376 pp. Price 11. 11s. 6d.

‘FROM the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.’ Matthew xi. 12.

The literal sense of this evidently figurative expression constitutes an essential article of belief in the Hindoo mythology. According to that monstrously impious and extravagant system,

‘Prayers, penances, and sacrifices, are supposed to possess an inherent and actual value, in no degree depending upon the disposition or motive of the person who performs them. They are drafts upon heaven, for which the gods cannot refuse payment. The worst men, bent upon the worst designs, have in this manner obtained power which has made them formidable to the supreme deities themselves, and rendered an Avatar, or incarnation of Veeshnoo the preserver, necessary.’ Preface, p. vii, viii.

Upon this foundation the poem before us is raised; and the moral design or tendency of it (for, wild, extravagant, and in many respects absurd, as the poem is, it nevertheless bears a moral cast in its construction), is expressed in one of the three mottos, which the author has thought fit to prefix. The motto itself is Greek; from whence taken we confess our inability to conjecture, as we cannot understand the reference, Αποφθ. Αυτο. τα Γυλιελ τα Μετ. And in this confession of our utter ignorance, Mr. Southey has full liberty to revenge himself for any un-

CRIT. REV. Vol. 22, March, 1811.

Q

gentle expressions which we may hereafter conceive ourselves in duty bound to make use of towards him. He has however kindly added to the motto a translation for the advantage of his unlettered readers; and it is the following:

‘Curses are like young chickens, they always come home to roost.’

The story, Mr. Southey says, is original: but he professes to have made it entirely consistent with the superstition on which it is founded; and adds, that, ‘however startling the fictions may appear, they might almost be called credible when compared with the genuine tales of Hindoo mythology.’

If in the course of the ensuing analysis, we fail of rendering this story intelligible to our readers, we hope they will have the goodness to attribute at least a fair proportion of the blame to the Hindoo mythology.

The first scene of the drama is that which Homer or Shakspeare would have chosen for the termination of the last act. It is a funeral, and no ordinary funeral in good sooth. It is the funeral of Arvalan, the son of Kehama, which Arvalan, although stone dead, and although we see him burnt to ashes before us, and not only him, but his two living wives, and whole hecatombs of his slaves, together with him, is destined to figure through all the three and twenty cantos following as one of the principal of the *dramatis personæ*:

‘The times have been,  
That when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end.’

But now-a-days, your poet makes nothing at all of knocking his hero on the head in the first stanza, and afterwards frightening his readers out of their senses with the actions of his ghost, or *Ειδωλον*; which rants, and raves, and ravishes, and murders, with all the ease imaginable, notwithstanding its loss of flesh and blood, like any living christian.

But to explain this mystery to our readers a little more fully. This Arvalan *is* or *was* (but rather *is*, for though dead and buried, yet still he *is*, as we shall bye and bye, to the utter discomposure of our ‘head dresses, discover), the only son of Kehama; which Kehama has, at the opening of the poem, already made himself, by means of ‘the drafts upon heaven’ before spoken of, absolute and

almighty Rajah over all the earth. Though protected by the spells of this wonderful father from 'disease,'

'Fire, sword, all *common* incidents of man,'

it had, somehow or other, been forgotten to secure his brains against the operation of a cudgel; and, by means of this oversight (somewhat unaccountable, it must be confessed, for so cunning a man as the Rajah) it falls out, that, attempting to violate a young Hindoo girl in the presence of her father, he is sacrificed to the sudden, but just fury, of the latter.

The description of the funeral (made sufficiently horrible by the contrast drawn between the two wives of the deceased; one of whom ascends the pyre, a voluntary and triumphant victim; the other, young and timid, is forced into the flames in spite of the reluctance of nature) occupies the first canto.

This dreadful ceremony ended, the afflicted Rajah approaches the pyre alone, and invokes the ghost of the deceased, which mournfully upbraids him with the 'unavailing pomp' bestowed upon his remains, and demands of him to exert his almighty power in re-embodiment of its essence, or at least to rescue it from that state of painful wandering to which all souls are doomed whom Indra, god of the elements, refuses to admit into his peculiar heaven. Kehama promises him a cessation of torment, with the possession of all power 'whereof a feeble spirit can be made participant,' and then asks him if he has any other request to make. 'Only the sight of vengeance,' replies the ghost. Instantly, Ladurlad, the murderer, is brought before the 'man-almighty' to receive his doom; while Kailyal, his daughter, the unhappy object of Aravalan's late attempted violence, clings for support to a statue of the goddess Marriataly, which stands upon the river's brink. They attempt to tear her from her hold in vain; and, in the struggle which ensues, the image gives way, and, with the maiden still clinging to it, is precipitated into the stream.

Kehama then turns himself towards Ladurlad, who simply implores the favour of immediate death, unaggravated by torture. But,

'The man-almighty deign'd him no reply,  
Still he stood silent; in no human mood  
Of mercy, in no hesitating thought

Of right and justice. At length he rais'd  
 His brow yet unrelax'd—his lips unclos'd,  
 And utter'd from the heart,  
 With the whole feeling of his soul enforced  
 The gather'd vengeance came.

‘ I charm thy life  
 From the weapons of strife,  
 From stone and from wood,  
 From fire and from flood,  
 From the serpent's tooth,  
 And the beasts of blood :  
 From sickness I charm thee  
 And time shall not harm thee,  
 But earth which is mine  
 Its fruits shall deny thee ;  
 And water shall hear me,  
 And know thee and fly thee ;  
 And the winds shall not touch thee  
 When they pass by thee,  
 And the dews shall not wet thee  
 When they fall nigh thee ;  
 And thou shalt seek death  
 To release thee in vain ;  
 Thou shalt live in thy pain  
 While Kehama shall reign,  
 With a fire in thy heart,  
 And a fire in thy brain ;  
 And sleep shall obey me,  
 And visit thee never,  
 And the curse shall be on thee  
 For ever and ever.

‘ There where the curse had stricken him  
 There stood the miserable man,  
 There stood Ladurlad, with loose-hanging arms  
 And eyes of idiot wandering.  
 Was it a dream ? alas,  
 He heard the river flow,  
 He heard the crumbling of the pile,  
 He heard the wind which shower'd  
 The thin white ashes round,  
 There motionless he stood,  
 As if he hoped it were a dream,  
 And fear'd to move, lest he should prove  
 The actual misery :  
 And still at times he met Kehama's eye,  
 Kehama's eye that fasten'd on him still.’

Ladurlad, with this horrible curse upon him, wanders along the river's bank,

' Unknowing where his wretched feet shall rest,  
But farthest from the fatal place is best.'

His sight, idly bent upon something floating in the stream, follows it, and at last discovers in it the appearance of a female robe. He plunges headlong into the water. The water knows the curse of Kehama, and he recovers his child with ease; for it was she whom the preserving statue had kept alive upon the surface of the waves. She is soon restored to feeling and animation; but Ladurlad, burning in agony, checks the transports of joy and gratitude with which she surveys him by the relation of the horrible curse. This she at first endeavours to believe is only the effect of a terrified imagination; but she looks on his mantle, and the dreadful confirmation instantly rushes full upon her.

' Oh misery! Kailyal cried,  
He bore me from the river-depths, and yet  
His garment is not wet!'

All that night, and till the evening of the ensuing day, Ladurlad moves not from his seat; and Kailyal lies with her head on his lap, to hide her tears. The boatman, as he rows by them in the coolness of the morning, thinks them two happy lovers, and envies their delicious repose. Returning at noon, and seeing them exposed without covering to the burning fire of the vertical sun, he believes them mad. Both of them are all this while lost in the recollection of the curse, upon which the wretched old man ponders so long as at last to persuade himself that it is only fancy. The burning fire in his brain may be the heat of the sun. He feels no refreshing air---but it may be the stillness of nature. Inspired by the hope, he again rushes to the water and plunges his arm into it. His daughter, in agonising suspense, watches the event---but the arm returns, unmoistened.

' He is almighty then!  
Exclaimed the wretched man in his despair.  
' Air knows him, water knows him, sleep  
His dreadful word will keep,  
Even in the grave there is no hope for me.'

' It is not in human nature always to brood over the intensest misery. Kailyal first awakes to a sense of their

immediate necessities. The 'golden palaces' of Kehama are yet in sight, and this is therefore no secure place of refuge. With the assistance of her father, she pays the tribute of gratitude by setting up on the spot the preserving statue of Marriataly, and then persuades him to come with her in search of a safer asylum.

‘ Away—away !’ she said,  
And took her father’s hand, and like a child,  
He followed where she led.’

After wandering without any settled object till midnight, the ‘miserable man’ and his daughter lie down to rest beneath the open sky. In tenderness for his child, Ladurlad suppresses the feelings of his own agony, and even appears to her to be fallen asleep. Willingly deceived, Kailyal herself yields at length to the demands of nature: but no sooner is she lost in slumber than her father forms the seemingly strange resolution of saving her from the pain of attending him in his misery by a measure which he might have known would plunge her into incomparably deeper distress, if not into absolute despair. This measure is still more unaccountable, when we reflect that, by his sudden departure, his daughter would be exposed without a protector to the wild beasts or robbers of the desert, to the pursuit of the revengeful Rajah, and to all the thousands of thousands of indescribable dangers and calamities to which the heroines of romance have been obnoxious ever since the days of Theagenes and Chariclea. She wakes and finds him gone---she calls, and no voice replies; for,

‘ Selfish in misery,  
He heard the call, and faster did he fly.’

To add to her distress, the night is completely dark, and she hears the distant howlings of tygers. But not all the tygers of the universe could have so dismayed her as the spectacle which first presented itself to her eyes on the moon’s re-appearing---the *fleshy ghost* of Arvalan. Most happily for her,

‘ The open fane of Pollear,\* gentle God,’  
which neither she nor her father had observed before,

---

\* Pollear, or Ganesa, the protector of travellers. His statues are placed in the highways, and sometimes in a small lonely sanctuary, in the streets and in the fields.

stands close by her side. She rushes impetuously into the sanctuary; and the dead-alive ravisher pursuing her is caught by the protecting deity, who

‘From his sinuous grasp,  
As if from some *tort catapult*\* let loose,  
Over the forest hurl’d him all abroad.’

Kailyal, however, falls lifeless under the poisonous shade of a manchineil.

On the holy mountain of Hemakoot, Casyapa, father of the Immortals, holds his seat. Among the children of this patriarchal deity, none are more beautiful or more pure than the *Grindousers* (here called *Glendoveers*) who are described by Sonnerat, as ‘having wings, and flying in the air with their wives.’ Upon these personages of the Hindoo mythology, Mr. Southey has happily enough engrafted the fiction of the *Graundees* in *Peter Wilkins*. For the singularly elegant description of these creatures of the imagination, we must refer our readers to the notes on this poem, if they do not choose rather to look for it in the original romance.

One of these Glendoveers, hovering over the earth, perceives Kailyal in her forlorn and dying condition, and taking her in his arms, conveys her to the dwelling of Casyapa, whose protection he implores for this unhappy daughter of man. But the father of the gods, who has heard and trembled at the name of Kehama, fears to receive her; and the Glendoveer, more resolutely bent on her defence by the thought of the oppression to which she is exposed, places his fair charge in a celestial ship, and pilots her safely into the first or visible heaven, the Swarga, or court of Indra.

Here also the terrors of Kehama’s name had been spread before their arrival; and Indra is already in fearful expectation of suffering the ‘violence’ of the Rajah, which he is consequently unwilling to provoke, by taking on himself the protection of one devoted to his vengeance. Kailyal, on the other hand, remembers her miserable father, and earnestly entreats to be sent back to earth to comfort him under his deep affliction. This generous piety overcomes the scruples of the god; and the delighted

\* Query what is the meaning of ‘being *let loose* from a *tort catapult*? We suspect too that *sinuous* is a mistake for *sinewy*.

Glendoveer is directed to convey both the father and daughter to a temporary asylum,

— ‘where Ganges hath its second birth  
Below our sphere and yet above the earth.’

Meanwhile, the dreaded hour of fate approaches more nearly than even Indra himself appears to have expected. The ‘man-almighty’ has already performed all the preceding acts of penance and sacrifice; and the offering of the hundredth steed is only wanting to complete the tremendous instrument which is to hurl the god of the elements from his throne. The victim is brought out for the ceremony, and Kehama has already lifted his axe to strike, when one, who like a maniac has rushed through the surrounding crowd, and from whose charmed person every weapon has glanced harmless aside, seizes on the animal and dissolves the virtue of the spell by his unhallowed touch. This person is Ladurlad, who has acted in this manner from no other motive than that of provoking the Rajah to terminate his sufferings by instant death. But he is disappointed in his aim. Kehama bids him live on, with the curse upon him; and a general massacre of all the attendants, who had failed to interrupt his daring progress, appeases the Rajah’s vengeance.

From this scene of slaughter, Ladurlad slowly wanders back to his own habitation, where every thing he sees, reminding him of his deceased wife, Yedillian, or of his abandoned daughter, gradually soothes the sense of his sufferings. Hither, however, the vengeance of ‘dead Arvalan’ pursues him; his bowers are consumed by a shower of fire from heaven, and even his own tremendous agony is increased by the added torments of his persecutor. In this situation he is seen by the Glendoveer, who, together with Kailyal, is arrived so far on his aerial voyage to the sources of the Ganges,

‘ He had the ship of heaven alight,  
And gently there he laid  
The astonished father by the happy maid.’

The summit of the fabulous mountain Meru, the polar circle of the northern hemisphere, is according to the Hindoo mythology, the region of bliss and the earthly source of the Ganges. Over it the usurping Rajah will have no power till he shall have dethroned Indra himself. Here then the curse ceases to operate; and La-

durlad feels again the breath of heaven, and bathes in the waters of the celestial river. He knows that the time will come when Kehama must prevail and himself be banished again from this delightful asylum.

‘ Yet was this brief repose, as when  
A traveller in the Arabian sands,  
Half fainting on his sultry road,  
Hath reach’d the water place at last;  
And, resting there beside the well,  
Thinks of the perils he has past,  
And gazes o’er the unbounded plain,  
The plain which must be traversed still,  
And drinks, yet cannot drink his fill;  
Then girds his patient loins again.’

Meanwhile, Camdeo (the Cupid of the Hindoos) being out upon one of his mischievous excursions, fixes his eyes on Ereenia (the gallant Glendoveer) and Kailyal. He bends against them both his bow ‘ strung with bees,’ (how this mode of stringing bows is performed we are not acquainted), and, though they laugh at his idle archery, and tell him to seek elsewhere a more suitable prey, it seems from the sequel as if he had in some sort succeeded in making the intended conquest.

We are now introduced to a character which, if any incongruity is deserving of being remarked in so wild and fantastic a poem, strikes us as being too incongruous even for the ravings of Mr. Southey’s genius. We allow that the introduction of Lorrinite the enchantress, gives the poet an opportunity for some powerful colouring of the horribly extravagant sort. But surely he had quite enough of those opportunities without it, and had made, to say the truth, almost sufficient use of them already. ‘ Dead Arvalan’ goes to consult this witch for no other reason on earth but that Mr. Southey may have the pleasure of painting her portrait. For though she shews him the ‘ top of Meru mountain,’ and makes him observe the

‘ Three happy beings that are there,  
The sire, the maid, the Glendoveer,’

and though she presents this pretty sight to him through a wonderful globe composed of a thousand kneaded human eye-balls; and though that wonderful globe is brought in by two winged hands,

‘ Armless and bodyless;

and though she furthermore clothes him in a suit of armour forged by the Asuras, and slaked 'in the petal icy lake ;' and though she also lends him her chariot drawn by dragons yoked with adamant, and directs him on his way to the blessed abode, ; yet he has not advanced half way on his journey before, touching the adamantine rocks which gird the sacred mountain, he is repelled by irresistible force and precipitated into ' an ice-rift 'midst the eternal snow,' from whence we hoped he would never have arisen to plague us again, and then the enchantress would have done something at least. But he soon reappears, as fine and healthy a dead man as was ever seen, just as if nothing had happened ; and thus not a single step has all this waste of enchantment advanced us on our way to the conclusion of the tale.

What makes this abortive enterprise of Arvalan yet more absurd and unmeaning is that, had he only waited till the next canto, he might have had all he wanted without any trouble at all. For the portentous sacrifice is now at last completed, and the dominions of Indra surrendered to the grasp of the aspiring Rajah.

' Now! now! before the golden palaces,  
The bramin strikes th' inevitable hour,  
The fatal blow is given,  
That over earth and heaven,  
Confirms the almighty Rajah in his power.  
All evil spirits then,  
That roam the world about,  
Or wander through the sky,  
Set up a joyful shout.  
The Asuras and the giants join the cry,  
The damn'd in Padalon acclaim  
Their hoped deliverer's name;  
Heaven trembles with the thunder-drowning sound;  
Back starts affrighted Ocean from the shore,  
And the adamantine vaults and brazen floor  
Of hell, are shaken with the roar.  
Up rose the Rajah through the conquer'd sky,  
To seize the Swarga for his proud abode;  
Myriads of evil genii round him fly,  
As royally, on wings of winds, he rode,  
And scaled high heaven, triumphant like a god.'

## CANTO XII.

Before this event happens, however, the ' ship of heaven ' has borne away the miserable Ladurlad and his daughter from the paradise of mount Meru, no longer an

asylum from Kehama's tyranny. As they alighted again upon the earth,

‘One groan Ladurlad breathed, yet utter'd not,  
When to his heart and brain,  
The fiery curse again like lightning shot.’

Here, however, he yields to the supplications of his daughter, a ready promise never again to leave her unless compelled; and, giving himself up to her guidance, they build themselves a bower on the spot in which they are placed, than which all the world could not have afforded a scene more soothing and beautiful.

The whole of the canto into which we are now entered, we have read over and over again with great delight. The description of natural scenery which it contains, though extremely beautiful, forms the least of its merit; we are raised in it to the contemplation of moral excellence and pure and exalted piety, never so attractive as when conveyed to our minds in the true language of poetry animated with the very feelings which it endeavours to represent.

A band of Yoguees, the priests of the idol Jaga-Naut, prowling about in quest of ‘a virgin-spouse’ to be offered at the shrine of their terrible deity, discover Kailyal in her retreat, and tear her from the arms of her father. She is placed with savage triumph upon the bridal chariot by the side of the idol; and as the ponderous car rolls on,

‘Prone fall the frantic votaries in its road,  
And, calling on the god,  
Their self-devoted bodies there they lay  
To pave his chariot way.

On Jaga-Naut they call,  
The ponderous car rolls on, and crushes all,  
Through blood and bones it ploughs its dreadful path,’

&c. &c. e. 14.

Half dead with the horrors of this tremendous scene, the wretched Kailyal is at last borne to the temple and laid upon the bridal bed, where they leave her alone, and the principal bramin soon afterwards enters to complete the abominable rite, as representative of her god. From this impending danger the maid is saved by an invisible power, which opposes the ravisher and strikes him dead; but her situation does not appear to be greatly bettered when the soul of Arvalan incarnate stands before her and

advances to enjoy the fruit of his victory. Just in the critical moment, down flies the Glendoveer to her assistance ; but against the power of Ereenia, Lorrinite the enchantress also steps forward in aid of Arvalan, and with her a legion of demons. The good spirit is at length overpowered, bound, and conveyed away a prisoner to the ancient sepulchres below the ocean ; and Arvalan is once more left alone with the miserable victim of his lust and vengeance. In this last extremity of despair, Kailyal seizes a torch and sets fire to the bridal bed. The precious woods, gums, and ointments which are piled around it, aid the conflagration, and the chamber soon becomes too hot to hold the dead man who runs howling away. How Kailyal came off without being at least somewhat disfigured, we do not exactly comprehend ; but she is just on the point of plunging into the hottest fire, and putting an end to her calamities at once, when she is arrested by the voice of her father, who, having arrived just at the moment of need, and availing himself of the power with which the curse has armed him, rushes through the flames which cannot touch him, and carries off his daughter as safely as if she herself had been made of asbestos also.

We cannot however stop to inquire very minutely whether the 'dignus vindice nodus' has in this place been untied or cut ; enough for us that somehow or other both father and daughter are at liberty to commence their journey towards the ancient city of Baly, which is situated at the bottom of the ocean, and in which the Glendoveer lies imprisoned. After wandering through many a region they at last arrive at the shore from which the pinnacles of the city may still be described rising above the flood. Here leaving his daughter to await his return, Ladurlad again avails himself of the curse to plunge into the water which recedes from him on all sides, yielding him a dry path to the submarine palaces. Our limits will not allow us to follow the poet in his description of these wonders of the deep ; and we shall barely notice the seven days combat between Ladurlad and the sea-monster, which was placed by Lorrinite to guard her prisoner, to say that Ladurlad's all-powerful curse at length prevails over the mortal strength of his antagonist, that Ereenia is set free, and that both the father and the Glendoveer regain the shore just in time to witness a new and most tremendous danger to which Kailyal is exposed from the united assault of the dead man and the enchantress.

It so happened that Baly himself had left his seat by

the side of Yamen, the god of hell and judge of the dead, to make his annual circuit of the world, and that at this moment he was invisibly contemplating the towers of his ancient palaces from the sea-side. Before Ladurlad and Ereenia have power to try their ineffectual force, Baly has already witnessed the danger of Kailyal and interposed his gigantic arm between her and destruction. In that tremendous arm he has already seized both Arvalan and Lorrinite, and before the almighty Rajah (whose power Baly himself could not have resisted) can come to the assistance of his son,

‘ with irresistible feet

He stamp'd and cleft the earth; it open'd wide,

And gave him way to his own judgment seat.

Down, like a plummet, to the world below

He sunk, and bore his prey

To righteous punishment, and endless woe.’ **CANTO XVII.**

Scarce has he sunk, when

‘ darting from the Swerga's heavenly heights,

Kehama, like a thunderbolt, alights.’

and, after threatening the god of hell that he will quickly descend and conquer his infernal dominion, turns his eyes towards the mortal victims of his vengeance, on one of whom he now fixes them with feelings very different from any with which he had hitherto contemplated her. We know not whether this sudden passion of Kehama for the fair Kailyal is more defensible upon the ground of nature and probability than many other *surprising* turns which we have already noticed. But we should soon be tired to death if we attempted to point out all the moral incongruities of this strange fiction. Whatever we may say to the revolution in the Rajah's sentiments, its effects were soon discoverable; for while the eye of Ladurlad, as it is finely expressed,

‘ Was fix'd upon Kehama haughtily,

Speaking defiance to him, high disdain,

Stern patience, unsubduable by pain,

And pride triumphant over agony,’

the Rajah has already removed the curse with which he had so long afflicted him, and then, turning towards Kailyal, declares her his bride, the destined partner of his power and glory, and sole partaker with him in the am-

reeta cup of immortality,\* which he designs to wrest from the hands of Yamen. This claim, and these magnificent promises, the virgin resolutely resists; and Ladurlad being called upon to assist them by a parent's authority, and bid her yield to the command of destiny, nobly replies,

‘ She needeth not my counsel,  
‘ And idly, Rajah, dost thou reason thus  
Of destiny; for though all other things  
Were subject to the starry influencings,  
And bow'd submissive to thy tyranny,  
The virtuous heart and resolute will are free.  
Thus in their wisdom did the gods decree  
When they created man. Let come what will,  
This is our rock of strength: in every ill,  
Sorrow, oppression, pain, and agony,  
The spirit of the good is unsubdued,  
And, suffer as they may, they triumph still.’

## CANTO xviii.

This bold remonstrance is immediately answered by the returning curse; and the Rajah, soaring again up to Heaven, leaves his intended bride to deplore her obstinacy in the loss of her charms, being changed in an instant to a disgusting lepress.

Meanwhile, what is become of the faithful Glendoveer? When Brama and Veeshnoo were at variance, Seeva, (the supreme head of this eastern trinity), wishing to put an end to their quarrel, assumed the form of a column of fire, the magnitude of which is thus accurately computed. It took Veeshnoo a thousand years in descending towards its base, which yet he could never find, and Brama ten myriads of years to ascend to its summit, which yet he never reached: and by this time we may suppose that their mutual rage was pretty well exhausted and the godhead's purpose consequently answered. The story is introduced in this place, however, only in order to give us some idea of the extent of the task now undertaken by the Glendoveer, which was no less than

---

\* The amreeta is a liquor produced by the operation of ‘ churning the sea with a mountain.’ Oh, the sublime bathos of the Hindoo mythology! Perhaps Mr. Southey may hereafter give us a didactic poem, elucidatory of this famous process, written on the model of Phillips's cider. But no; Mr. S. despises all models.

‘ to attain  
What Brama and what Veeshnoo sought in vain.’  
‘ Him who is throned beyond the reach of thought,  
The alone, the inaccessible, he sought.’

Supported by faith, he ascends through all the seven spheres, pierces the golden firmament, and the regions of eternal night and outer darkness, up to the silver mountain of Calasay. From the base to the summit of that mountain is a journey of many ages; yet that immense distance he still traversed by the aid of the same holy spirit.

‘ In the middle of the spacious plain at the top of the mountain,’ says Baldaeus, ‘ is a bell of silver, and a square table, surrounded with precious stones of divers colours. Upon this table lies a silver rose, which contains two women as bright and fair as a pearl; one is called *The Lady of the Mouth*; the other *The Lady of the Tongue*, because they praise God with the mouth and tongue. In the centre of this rose is the *Triangle* of *Quivelinga*, which they say is the permanent residence of God.’ Notes, p. 362.

Ereenia utters first a humble prayer; then strikes the bell; and at the instant all the vision vanishes.

‘ Where shall he rest his wing, where turn for flight,  
For all around is light,  
Primal, essential, all pervading light!  
Heart cannot think, nor tongue declare,  
Nor eyes of angel bear  
That glory unimaginably bright.’

Overpowered with the blaze, his senses forsake him; and the Glendoveer falls back to earth with a velocity proportioned to that of his ascent; but

‘ A voice which from within him came was heard,  
The indubitable word  
Of him to whom all secret things are known :  
Go ye who suffer, go to Yamen’s throne.  
He hath the remedy for every woe.  
He setteth right whate’er is wrong below.’ C. xix.

Thus instructed, he soon finds Ladurlad and his daughter, and communicates to them the result of his enterprize. They set off together immediately upon the expedition which is enjoined them, and after several day’s journeying, arrive on the shore of that ocean which binds the earth within it as a girdle.

—‘ Not like other oceans this,  
 Rather it seem’d a drear abyss,  
 Upon whose brink they stood,  
 Oh scene of fear ! the travellers hear  
 The raging of the flood ;  
 They hear how fearfully it roars,  
 But clouds of darker shade than night  
 For ever hovering round those shores,  
 Hide all things from their sight ;  
 The sun upon that darkness pours  
 His unavailing light,  
 Nor ever moon nor stars display,  
 Through the thick shade, one guiding ray  
 To show the perils of the way.’ C. xx.

They embark fearlessly in a little crazy skiff which they find near at hand, and are soon borne beyond the limits of this earthly sphere. Then the curses of Kehama again lose their effect. Ladurlad is freed from his torment, and Kailyal restored to her pristine loveliness.

‘ Swift glides the ship, with gentle motion,  
 Across that calm and quiet ocean ;  
 That glassy sea, which seem’d to be  
 The mirror of tranquillity.’

They arrive at the icy coast which separates the world from the regions of Padalon, or Hell, and which is thronged by multitudes of spirits, waiting for their safe conduct to the judge of the dead. Among them, those who are stained with crimes committed in their days of mortality, are heard rejoicing in the prospect of the speedy conquest of Hell by the Almighty Rajah, while many of all descriptions are every moment seized by ministering demons (their hour being come), and plunged into the gulph which leads to the infernal regions. Into this same gulph the Glendoveer also plunges, with Kailyal in his arms.

There are eight gates to Padalon, which lie ever open to receive the souls of men coming to receive judgment for their actions on earth. Through them the wicked never return ; they whose sins are balanced by some share of redeeming virtue, are condemned by Baly to penance, proportioned to their guilt ; but the good are instantly dismissed by Yamen to seek their inheritance in heaven.

As the travellers enter, their ears are assailed by clamorous cries and shouts throughout the region of the damned, announcing the expectation of Kehama’s arrival

and their consequent deliverance. Ereenia lays his lovely burthen at the feet of Neroodi, the giant keeper of the gate, whom he informs of the command of Seeva, which has brought them thither; then springs upward through the gulph again, and soon afterwards returns with Ladur-lad. Neroodi supplies them with the wonderful chariot of Carmala and robes of unutterable brightness, which can alone enable them to pass the fiery flood, and then dismisses them on their road to the city of Yamen.

To describe the horrors and perils of this tremendous journey, is a task so arduous, that we must decline it altogether, and refer our readers to Mr. Southey himself. A fiery flood of *boundless* extent is bridged by 'a single rib of steel, keen as the edge of keenest scymetar.' And over such a bridge as that the wonderful chariot of Carmala rolls with ease. How paltry after this does Hotspur's Idea of Danger appear.

— ' to o'erwalk a torrent roaring loud  
On the unsteady footing of a spear!'

Can any thing now be wanting to convince us that Mr. Southey is a more wonderful poet than Shakspeare?

As the travellers pass along, to increase their dismay, they hear on all sides, mingled with shrieks and groans, the acclamations both of the tormented and the tormentors announcing the expected arrival of Kehama. At last they arrive at the 'diamond-city,' of Yamen-pür, and enter the palace of the monarch of Hell, who is described as having two distinct aspects, as the king of terrors to the guilty, and the dispenser of mercy to the righteous soul.

' He sate upon a marble sepulchre  
Massive and huge, where, at the monarch's feet,  
The righteous Baly had his judgment seat.  
A golden throne before them vacant stood;  
Three human forms sustain'd its ponderous weight,  
With lifted hands outspread, and shoulders braw'd,  
Bending beneath their load.'

A fourth was wanting. They were of the hue  
Of coals of fire; yet were they flesh and blood,  
And living breath they drew;  
And their red eye-balls roll'd with ghastly stare,  
As thus for their misdeeds they stood tormented there.'

C. xxiii.

Scarcely has Yamen received with benignity the suppliants whom Seeva had sent, when suddenly all the dis-

C. R. V. Vol. 22, March, 1811. R

sonance of Hell was silenced; and the unusual stillness announced the hour of Kehama's coming.

' He came in all his might and majesty,  
With all his terrors clad, and all his pride;  
And, by the attribute of Deity,  
Which he had won from Heav'n, self-multiplied,  
The dreadful one appear'd on every side.

In the same indivisible point of time,  
At the eight gates he stood, at once, and beat  
The warden-gods of Hell beneath his feet;  
Then, in his brazen cars of triumph, straight,  
At the same moment, drove through every gate.'

C. xxiv.

All the inferior powers of Hell yield without a shew of resistance to this tremendous *Eight-One*, and his gigantic attendants. He reaches the judgment-seat by all the eight entrances at once and surrounds Yamen with his self-multiplied essence. A dreadful conflict ensues. Darkness veils 'the unutterable fight,' from all other eyes. But in the end 'the powers of fate and sacrifice prevail;' and the Rajah, re-uniting his divided essence, mounts the marble sepulchre, and treads on the neck of the vanquished god of Padalon. Secure in his triumph, he now asks the meaning of the three living statues that support the golden throne, and is answered that they are the first of mankind who heaped up superfluous wealth, the first who set up an usurped power over his fellow-men, and the first who imposed a falsehood on the world in the name of God. A fourth is still wanting, and they call in unison on Kehama to fill the vacant place. Kehama turns scornfully aside from this appeal, and once more calls on Kailyal to partake with him of the Amreeta-cup of Immortality, threatening in case of her refusal to place her father as the fourth supporter of the throne. Borne up by holy faith, she again denies; and Kehama sternly calls for the portentous liquor. The sepulchre is burst open, and a gigantic skeleton rising from within, puts forth the bowl into the Rajah's hand.

' Take, drink, with accents dread the spectre said,  
" For thee and Kailyal hath it been assigned,  
Ye (You) only of the children of mankind."  
Then was the Man-Almighty's heart elate:  
" This is the consummation," he exclaim'd.  
" Thus have I triumph'd over death and fate.  
Now, Seeva, look to thine abode!"

Animated by a sudden desperate impulse, the Glendoveer darts forward to snatch the uplifted cup, but is prevented by the interposition of the skeleton; and Kehama drinks.

‘ O fool of drunken hope and frantic vice!  
Madman! to seek for power beyond the scope  
Of knowledge, and to deem  
Less than omniscience could suffice  
To wield omnipotence! ——————’

Kehama knew not that the cup which confers immortality confers it according to the quality of the taker, giving to the wicked eternal misery, and to the good everlasting happiness.

————— through his veins  
Torture at once, and immortality,  
A stream of poison doth the Amreeta run,  
Infinite everlasting agony.  
And while within the burning anguish flows,  
His outward body glows  
Like molten ore, beneath the avenging eye  
Doom’d thus to live and burn eternally.  
The fiery three,  
Beholding him, set up a fiendish cry,  
A song of Jubilee:  
Come, brother, come, they sung: too long  
Have we expected thee,  
Henceforth, we bear no more  
The unequal weight: come, brother, we are four!

The Rajah submits to his doom, and Yamen, re-ascending his throne, calls upon Kailyal to obey the will of fate. She drinks the cup with an unaltered confidence, and instantly becomes divested of all that was mortal about her, and is united in spiritual purity to her beloved Glendoveer.

‘ Then Yamen said, “ O thou to whom, by fate,  
Alone of all mankind, this lot is given,  
Daughter of earth, but now the child of Heaven!  
Go with thy heavenly mate,  
Partaker now of his immortal bliss;  
Go to the Swerga bowers,  
And there recall the hours  
Of endless happiness.”  
But that sweet angel, for she still retain’d  
Her human loves and human piety,  
As if reluctant at the God’s commands,  
Linger’d with anxious eye,  
Upon her father fix’d, and spread her hands.

Towards him wistfully.

Go! Yamen cried—nor cast that look behind  
 Upon Ladurlad at this parting hour,  
 For thou shall find him in thy mother's bower.  
 The ear, for Carmala his word obey'd,  
 Moved on, and bore away the maid,  
 While from the golden throne the Lord of death  
 With love benignant on Ladurlad smiled,  
 And gently on his head the blessing laid.

As sweetly as a child,  
 Whom neither thought disturbs, nor care encumbers,  
 Tired with long play, at close of summer day,  
 Lies down and slumbers,  
 Even thus, as sweet a boon of sleep partaking,  
 By Yamen blest, Ladurlad sunk to rest.  
 Blessed that sleep! more blessed was the waking!  
 For on that night a heavenly morning broke,  
 The light of Heaven was round him when he woke,  
 And in the Swerga, in Yedillian's bower,  
 All whom he loved he met, to part no more. C. xxiv.

What is said by connoisseurs respecting the most highly coloured of Rubens's pictures, that their brilliancy is such as to extinguish every other painting in the room in which they are placed, may in some degree apply to this extraordinary poem of Mr. Southeby's, only that it falls far short of conveying its full effect. Suppose the possibility of a picture in which the most powerful tint that Rubens ever employed, should form only the lowest colour, and imagine the consequences which such a glare must produce upon the senses. It would doubtless excite astonishment and even admiration at the first glance; but though it might contain beauties of the very highest order, they would be confused and lost in the blazing atmosphere which envelopes them; the eye would soon be fatigued and oppressed by the endeavour to explore them; and, our wonder once exhausted, we should seldom, or never, perhaps, be tempted to renew our visit.

The 'Curse of Kehama,' is a performance of precisely this violent and imposing description. Like the shield of Atlante, it strikes dead every thing that is opposed to it; one might as well hold a farthing candle to the sun, as think of placing Homer or Shakspeare, or Milton or Dante, by the side of it. But it is the false blaze of enchantment, not the steady radiance of truth and nature; and if you gain courage to look at it a second or a third time, the magic has lost its power, and you only wonder

what it was that dazzled you. The most unfavourable circumstance to the author in all this is, that the senses having been once deceived, (whether voluntarily or not, no matter), we are apt to look upon every thing that has contributed to the deception in the light of imposture, and thus not only to withdraw our former ill-judged admiration, but to refuse the tribute of our applause where it is justly due. We hope that this will not appear to be the case with ourselves; and yet we are to a certain degree conscious of the impression which we believe will be very generally felt by the readers of Mr. Southey.

We must take it for granted that every body who aspires to the dignity of a poet, writes for something more honourable and lasting than the wonder of a day. Mr. Southey, therefore, than whom no man breathing has been gifted by nature with higher pretensions to the poetical character, must be supposed to have had this nobler object in view. It is our opinion that he has failed; and we think the causes of his failure sufficiently obvious both in his choice of a subject and his manner of conducting it.

In the first place, he has scorned the limits of ordinary poetry, taking for the theatre of his action no less a field than the entire universe. Milton has done the same; but, without entering upon any inquiry (which, however obnoxious to many admirers of that great poet, is, we conceive, still open to be raised), whether the subject of the *Paradise Lost* itself was well chosen, we may safely say that there is no ground of comparison on this score between Milton and Southey. The former built upon the religious belief of those to whom his writings were addressed. The disobedience and fall of our first parents is a point of the highest and most solemn interest to the whole human species; and that interest is the single and undivided object of the poem. The latter has taken for his foundation a system of mythology to which most of us are utter strangers, and which was unknown to the fathers even of those who are now best acquainted with it; in which, therefore, the sentiments of habitual reverence that accompany even the fictions of classical fable are wanting; and which is moreover condemned by Southey himself in his preface as intrinsically 'anti-picturesque and unpoetical.' And in one of the notes, he adds, 'throughout the Hindoo fables there is the constant mistake of bulk for sublimity.' The charge is indisputably true; and it applies equally to the fabric which he has undertaken to build upon them. Add to this, first, that there is no leading

point of interest in the story, except the establishment of a fundamental truth in morality, which might have been maintained at far less cost; and, secondly, that this only object is frequently lost sight of altogether in the vast confusion of strange and cumbrous machinery with which it is overladen.

The next cause which we shall allege of this supposed failure is in the versification. Consider this in detached passages, and we shall find it often at once energetic and harmonious to a surprising degree; but, taken altogether, it has an effect as surprisingly the contrary of this; an effect, which those who are in the habit of inveighing against the insipidity of regular metre will not easily credit; that of an excessively heavy and tiresome monotony. We have neither right nor inclination to quarrel with Mr. Southey for what we must nevertheless venture to call the silly declaration, in the words of George Withers, prefixed to his poem.

For I will for no man's pleasure  
 Change a syllable or measure;  
 Pedants shall not tie my strains  
 To our antique poets veins;  
 Being born as free as these,  
 I will sing as I shall please.

No doubt, Mr. Southey, or any man, may sing as he pleases, provided he does not break the king's peace. So a tailor may make a coat as he pleases; but then it must be at the risk of his custom if he makes it so as to displease his employers. If Mr. Southey will sing in public as he pleases, the public may surely remark upon his singing as it pleases; and if it, or any part of it, chooses to say that Mr. Southey would have sung better according to old rules than by those of his own invention, we do not see the justice of calling them *Pedants* for so saying.

The specimens we have already given, together with one or two more that we mean to add presently, will be sufficient to shew the *manner* of versification that Mr. Southey has adopted. But our charge of monotony cannot be borne out by any thing short of a perusal of the whole poem; since it is the general impression made by the whole, and not the particular effect of any detached portion, to which we refer. We have not space left us at present to pursue the subject farther; but we are mistaken if it may not very safely be contended, not only that a poem written in regular metre need not be monotonous, (to deny which

would be to throw dirt at Pope, Dryden, and Milton), but that in a poem of any length regularity of metre is the best; nay, we will go still further; the only preservative against monotony. This is a point which we should be very glad to hear fairly and ably discussed on both sides, having at present little doubt as to the result of such a discussion.

To say that the work now before us displays, in a greater degree than any of his former publications, the high poetical genius with which Mr. S. is unquestionably gifted, and to add that that genius now and then bursts forth with a lustre superior to most, perhaps to any, of his contemporaries, we hold to be a very different thing from maintaining (as some very injudicious friend of Mr. S.'s has lately done), that he is the first of modern poets. He, appears to us to be entirely deficient in that high corrective quality of the mind, without which it is impossible for the most astonishing talents to produce real greatness in any one department of art or science; we mean a cool, steady, and comprehensive judgment. It is the want of this which must, in our opinion, keep Mr. S. for ever below the level even of many who have not half his powers of imagination or half his copiousness and majesty of expression. We are sorry that in analyzing the extravagant fable which he has chosen, we have been unavoidably led to such an extent as leaves us little room for the more pleasing task of selecting some of those splendid passages which ought to live when Kehama himself shall be no more. With a very few of these, we are now under the necessity of concluding the article. The following picture of the imaginary source of the Ganges has never perhaps been excelled by any descriptive poet.

\* None hath seen its secret fountain;  
But on the top of Meru mountain  
Which rises o'er the hills of earth,  
In light and clouds, it hath its mortal birth.  
Earth seems that pinnacle to rear  
Sublime above this worldly sphere,  
Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne;  
And there the new-born river lies  
Outspread beneath its native skies,  
As if it there would love to dwell,  
Alone and unapproachable.  
Soon flowing forward, and resign'd  
To the will of the creating mind,

It springs at once with sudden leap,  
 Down from the immeasurable steep.  
 From rock to rock, with shivering force rebounding,  
 The mighty cataract rushes : Heaven around,  
 Like thunder, with the incessant roar resounding,  
 And Meru's summit shaking with the sound.  
 Wide spreads the snowy foam, the sparkling spray  
 Dances aloft; and ever there, at morning,  
 The earliest sun-beams haste to wing their way,  
 With rainbow wreathes the holy flood adorning ;  
 And duly the adoring moon at night  
 Sheds her white glory there,  
 And in the watery air  
 Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light.' C. x.

The complaint of the spirit of Arvalan to his father, is expressed in language which may challenge comparison with the noblest of our old dramatic poets.

' It was my hour of folly ! fate prevail'd,  
 Nor boots it to reproach me that I fell.  
 I am in misery, father! other souls  
 Pre doom'd to Indra's Heaven, enjoy the down  
 Of bliss . . . . to them the temper'd elements  
 Minister joy : genial delight the sun  
 Sheds on their happy being, and the stars  
 Effuse on them benignant influences ;  
 And thus o'er earth and air they roam at will,  
 And, when the number of their days is full,  
 Go fearlessly before the awful throne.  
 But I, all naked Feeling and raw Life,  
 . . . What worse than this hath Yamen's hell in store ?'

C. ii.

This idea of a guilty spirit forcibly torn from its *fleshy* covering, and smarting like the body newly flayed, is, as far as we know, entirely original ; and it is certainly inexpressibly horrible.

In many of his descriptive passages, we find Mr. S. taking hold of some strong characteristic circumstance to stamp the picture with that *individuality* which is at once the most difficult attainment, and the most unequivocal proof, of poetical genius. Thus, in describing the approach of evening,

' ————— arising from the stream,  
 Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight ;  
 And where he sails athwart the setting beam,  
 His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light.' C. v.

The pictures of mere *Imagination* are crowded so

closely upon us as to fall on our senses and lose the effect which they were designed to produce; so that, tired with the incessant repetition, we turn from them at a second perusal to seek repose among the scenes of truth and nature. Nevertheless, many of the descriptions to which we allude are exquisitely beautiful in themselves, and would have delighted beyond measure if introduced with a more sparing judgment. We have noticed in our preceding analysis the fiction of 'The Ship of Heaven.'

'The Ship of Heaven, instinct with thought, *display'd*\*  
Its living sail and *glides* along the sky.

On either side in wavy tide,  
The clouds of morn along its path divide;  
The winds who swept in wild career on high  
Before its presence check their charmed force;  
The winds that loitering lagg'd along their course,  
Around the living bark enamour'd play,  
Swell underneath the sail, and sing before its way.  
That bark, in shape, was like the furrow'd shell  
Wherein the sea-nymphs to their parent king,  
On festal day, their duteous offerings bring.

Its hue! go watch the last green light  
Ere evening yields the western sky to night;  
Or fix upon the sun thy strenuous sight,  
Till thou hast reach'd its orb of chrysolite.

The sail from end to end display'd  
Bent like a rainbow o'er the maid.

An angel's head, with *visual eye*, †  
Through trackless space directs its chosen way;  
Nor aid of wing, nor foot, nor fin,  
Requires to voyage o'er the obedient sky.  
Smooth as the swan, when not a breeze at even  
Disturbs the surface of the silver stream,  
Through air and sunshine sails the Ship of Heaven.' C. vii.

But we apprehend that there is no quality by which Mr. Southey's poetry will so strongly, or so justly, recommend itself to the generality of readers as by the high strain of moral sentiment which it occasionally inspires, and which is accompanied with such energy and grandeur of expression as to persuade us that it proceeds pure and unadulterated from the heart of the poet. From a variety of truly

\* This confusion of tenses ought to have been avoided.

† By the way, what does Mr. S. mean by *visual eye*? Does he suppose that *eyes* in general are *not visual*?

splendid passages which obtrude themselves upon our attention as confirming this remark, we shall select the following, and with it we shall conclude our long review of the poem.

\* Thus ever in her father's doting eye,  
 Kailyal perform'd the customary rite;  
 He, patient of his burning toil the while,  
 Beheld her, and approved her pious toil;  
 And sometimes at the sight  
 A melancholy smile  
 Would gleam upon his awful countenance.  
 He, too, by day and night, and every hour,  
 Paid to a higher power his sacrifice;  
 An offering, not of ghee, or fruit, or rice,  
 Flower-crown, or blood; but of a heart subdued,  
 A resolute, unconquer'd fortitude,  
 An agony repress, a will resign'd,  
 To her, who, on her secret throne reclined,  
 Amid the milky sea, by Veeshnoo's side,  
 Looks with an eye of mercy on mankind.  
 By the preserver, with his power endued,  
 There Voomdavee beholds this lower clime,  
 And marks the silent sufferings of the good,  
 To recompense them in her own good time.  
 O force of faith! O strength of virtuous will!  
 Behold him, in his endless martyrdom,  
 Triumphant still;  
 The curse still burning in his heart and brain,  
 And yet doth he remain  
 Patient the while, and tranquil, and content!  
 The pious soul hath framed unto itself  
 A second nature, to exist in pain  
 As in its own allotted element.' C. xiii.

In the preceding selections, we think there is quite enough to discover to us how great a poet Mr. Southey *might be*, were the single gift of judgment to be added to the qualities which he undoubtedly possesses. Till then, we fear that we shall never be able to subscribe to the belief in a Trinity\* of living poets, of whom Mr. S. is represented

---

\* See the Edinburgh Annual Register. The first volume of this work, lately published, contains an article on the present state of literature; in which the pretensions of living candidates for poetical fame are discussed, and compared, in a strain of dogmatical self-sufficiency which we have seldom seen equalled. Messrs. Southey, Scott, and Campbell, are there pronounced to be the supreme leaders of the nation; and a sort of implied

as entitled to the foremost honours. There is indeed some ground of comparison between him and his own Seeva; for he stands forward in the poem before us like a column of fire; and myriads of years must elapse before his partners in the Godhead can reach either the surprizing height of his extravagance, or the terrible profundity of his bathos.

---

**ART. II.—***The Alexandrian School; or, a Narrative of the First Christian Professors in Alexandria. The Third Edition, enlarged.* London, Clarke, 1810, 8vo.

THE Jewish mode of thinking on religious subjects had undergone a considerable change before any of their literati settled in Alexandria, or imbibed the philosophy which was taught in the schools of that city. The notions respecting God and providence, the attributes of the Almighty, and the moral government of the world, which were entertained by the earliest Hebrews, of whom we have any record, were of a gross and corporeal kind. We are far from saying that the author of the Pentateuch was an Anthropomorphite; but it cannot but be acknowledged that there are several passages in that work which seem to encourage a supposition that the writer, or writers imagined the Deity to possess not only the shape but the passions of a man. Thus, ‘And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the Garden in the cool of the

---

preference is given to the first, over the two last, of those gentlemen. This would be arrogant and indelicate enough, even were there no doubt about the impartiality of the writer. For, though any man may criticize the works of living authors; to decide the situation which each is entitled to hold in reference to all his contemporaries, is to usurp the most exclusive rights and privileges of posterity.

Ultima semper

Expectanda dies Homini, dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.

But there are some doubts attached to the present case, which we very much wish to have cleared away. We do not venture to affirm, and are even unwilling to believe, that either of the members of the triumvirate was himself the author of the article in question. But we feel ourselves strictly authorized to notice a report which it is incumbent on Mr. Southey to deny if he is able. It is said, that Mr. S. himself is the literary conductor of the Register.

We should be most happy if it were in our power to contradict this report, and to declare our conviction that Mr. S. had no concern, either direct or indirect, with this publication of the article in question, which we consider as the grossest violation of all *literary decorum* which we ever witnessed.

*day.'* Gen. iii. 8. God is represented as conversing with human beings with a degree of colloquial familiarity, which is hardly ever practised even between a temporal sovereign and his subjects.

'The Lord spake unto Moses *face to face*, as a man talketh to his friend.' Exod. xxxiii. ii. 'And the Lord said, Behold there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock. And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a clift of the rock, and will cover thee with my *hand* while I pass by. And I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see *my back parts*, but *my face shall not be seen*.' Exod. xxxiii. 21-23.

This representation must certainly be considered as sufficiently corporeal; and it can be vindicated only as an accommodation to the notions of a rude and illiterate people.

As we advance in the history of the Jews, we find their notions respecting the divine power and presence more pure and spiritualized. But this change was not sudden and abrupt. It was gradually introduced; and was particularly promoted by the schools of the prophets, which were first instituted by Samuel, in order to mitigate the ferocity of the times, and to civilize the people. The representations of the divine attributes which issued from the schools of the prophets, were never exceeded in sublimity; the notions of righteousness which they inculcated, and the estimate which they formed of the true interest and happiness of man were accurate and profound, and imperfect only in wanting that satisfactory pledge of a future life, which we find in the Christian dispensation.

The Babylonish captivity contributed to make a considerable change in the religious sentiments of the Jews. Their long residence in Chaldea among a people of different language, manners, and sentiments, occasioned a disuse of their vernacular tongue, and introduced a new modification of their theological creed. Their ideas of the divine power and government were no longer those which they had derived from Moses, accompanied with the alterations and refinements of their poets and prophets, but were recast and enlarged by an admixture of the faith which was prevalent among the Babylonians, the Assyrians and Medes. Among these people, **LIGHT** was the object of worship. The divinity was represented as the pure essence of light; and the origin of things was ascribed to its infinitely diversified degrees and combinations. These

ideas were, in process of time, more or less incorporated in the religious system of the Jews.

The Jews of the earliest times referred all events, whether good or evil, to the *immediate* agency of the Deity. But, after the Babylonish captivity, they introduced a regular order of intermediate spirits, who were fashioned according to their prejudices or their wants.

The revolution of sentiment which was thus begun among the Jews, was increased by their intercourse with the Greeks. In the time of Alexander, they became acquainted with the philosophy of that ingenious and speculative people. Hence the religious notions which had been transmitted from Moses and the prophets, experienced a still farther change. The principles of Grecian wisdom were combined with their ancient creed.

The literature of Greece, driven, as it were, from its native home by the convulsions which ensued on the death of Alexander, found a peaceful shelter in the city of Alexandria. Here different schools of philosophy were established. The Jews, who abounded in this mart of wisdom, as well as commerce, were particularly attracted to the schools of the Platonists, not only because they were in the greatest repute, but because they afforded most points of contact with their national creed. The religious ideas of the Jews particularly harmonized with the philosophy of Plato, as it was taught at Alexandria, whence it was amalgamated with the wisdom of the Pythagoreans, the Chaldees and Persians, which presented so many traits of resemblance and principles of union. The religious ideas of the Jews, preserved in their ancient scriptures, were thus variously blended with those rays of philosophy which were dispersed over Asia and Greece. But the principles of the Eastern *light* and of the Grecian *wisdom* received a new tincture as they were percolated through the minds of Jewish writers. We may observe this influence in the apocryphal book of Wisdom; but more particularly in the writings of Philo.

We are not ignorant of the reasons which have been assigned for supposing the book of Wisdom to have been written by Philo. There are such traits of resemblance in the Wisdom and in the works of Philo as tend to support an identity of authorship. Both Philo and the author of the Wisdom are, as Eichhorn has remarked, (Krit. Schrift. vierter band, p. 167,) fond of putting an allegorical interpretation on the writings of Moses. Both were attached to the principles of the Essenes; and the

style of both evinces a strong propensity to rhetorical embellishment. But there is more compact and sententious brevity in the Wisdom, and more vague and diffuse declamation in Philo. Both, however, are replete with the philosophy of the Alexandrian school; and both will be found to throw some light on the Christian doctrine.

The schools of Alexandria described part of the divine energy or attributes as a separate existence, or substance under the name of  $\lambdaογις$ . The prevalent notions on this subject appear to have been borrowed by the fathers, who were nurtured in this seminary of theological philosophy; and thus evidently influenced the decisions of the council of Nice. Indeed the Nicene creed, as far as respects the  $\lambdaογος$  or second person in the trinity, is to be found in the writings of Philo, and with such characteristic accompaniments as clearly show that the origin of the Christian  $\lambdaογος$  is to be traced to the Alexandrian school.

We will produce a few passages from Philo, the first edition of whose works is now lying on our table, to prove the close affinity between the  $\lambdaογος$  of the Alexandrian school, and the second person of the trinity, as that doctrine is contained in the Nicene creed of our venerable establishment. By the by, it may perhaps be as well to remark, that the sort of trinity which is taught in the Nicene creed, is very different from that which is so LOGICALLY enforced in the creed which is ascribed to St. Athanasius, so that he, who believes one, must necessarily disbelieve the other. It is absolutely impossible for the same individual to believe both, though the Church of England very wisely, no doubt, requires both to be believed. But, in what respects the second person in the trinity, the Nicene, and the Athanasian creeds flatly contradict each other; for the former represents THE SON as *born in time*, and the latter as *existing from eternity*. The doctrine of the Nicene creed is, that the Lord Jesus Christ is 'God of God, light of light,' &c. But the doctrine of the creed, which is ascribed to Athanasius, but which did not make its appearance till about the year 800, and which, 'if we do not keep whole and undefiled, we are to perish everlastingly,' is that 'the son is God,' 'the Son ALMIGHTY,' 'the Son ETERNAL,' &c. &c. The doctrine of the Nicene creed is, that the son is subordinate to the father; but the creed which passes under the title of Athanasian, excludes all notion of subordinate agency or origin.

The Nicene creed represents the father as the cause of the son's existence; but a *cause must be antecedent to its effect*. *Priority of origin* is, therefore, in this creed, ascribed to the father; but, in the Athanasian creed, the son is said to be '*co-eternal*,' with the father. It is plain, therefore, that these creeds positively contradict each other; and that both cannot be true. Perhaps it is possible for the faith of some to be so great as to reconcile contradictions. Unfortunately for us, our faith is not of that kind! *But we presume to ask*: Would the credit of our church be much shaken if she were to release her members, in this as well as in other respects, from an obligation which it is impossible to perform; and which can have no other effect than that of multiplying the number of hypocrites or schismatics, of violating truth, or of dissolving the bond of ecclesiastical peace? The nearer we approach to the age of the apostles, the more simple we find the formularies of faith. The Nicene creed, for instance, is less complex than the Athanasian; and the creed *called* 'the Apostles,' but which was of later origin, is less obscure and metaphysical than that of the council of Nice. But how simple were the formularies of faith which were required in a more early period, before men began to traffic in metaphysical creeds, and to dole out salvation only to those who would consent to renounce the use of their understanding! 'If,' says St. Paul, 'thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' Ep. Rom. x. 8. Does the apostle say thou shalt not be saved unless thou believest in the doctrines of *original sin*, the *miraculous conception*, the *atonement* and the *trinity*? No; but he asserts it to be sufficient for our immortal happiness to acknowledge the divine mission of Jesus, and to have that belief in a future life which influences the conduct and affections.

We have already digressed too far from the object before us, which was to shew how closely the second person in the trinity of the Nicene creed may be identified in the writings of Philo. The first passage which we will produce, is the following:

« \* \* \* \* ετι δε ουρανου φυσιν, και ηλιου και σεληνης περιοδους, και των αλλων αστερων τροτας τε αυ και χορεας εναρμονιας, ως ποιμην και βασιλευς ο θεος αγεις κατα δικην και νομον προστηγαμενος του ορθου αυτου λογου πρωτογονον

διον ὁς την επιμελειαν, της ιερας ταυτης αγελης, διατι μιγαλου βασιλεως υπαρχος διαδεξεται. Philo ed Turneb. 1552, fol. p. 132.

With the watchfulness of a shepherd, says Philo, and the majesty of a king, God regulates according to fixed laws, the constitution of the heavens, the revolutions of the sun and moon, and the harmonious movements of the other stars, having invested his legitimate *logos*, *his first-born son*, with the care of this sacred flock, as the vicegerent of a mighty sovereign.

Here the *logos* is distinctly mentioned as the *first-born son* of God, and as his great vicegerent in the pastoral care of the universe.

In p. 406, Philo having mentioned that there appear to him to be two temples of the Deity, says, that one of them is ὁδε ὁ κοσμος, εν ᾧ και αρχιερευς, ὁ πρωτογονος αυτου Θεος λογος; this world, in which the divine *logos*, who is his *first-born*, ministers as his priest.

Here the divine *logos* is described under the character of the *first-born* hierarch of the world. There is something in the turn of thought and expression in the above and in other passages of Philo which has a close resemblance to that in the epistle to the Hebrews. Indeed that epistle, as well as some other parts of the Apostolical epistles, betray a fondness for the allegorical mode of interpreting scripture, which was one of the peculiar characteristics of the Alexandrian school.

If we may judge from the confession of Philo himself, and from his writings, which afford a still stronger proof, he was prone to fits of enthusiastic rapture, something like the Sibylline frenzy, during which he was wont to mistake the suggestions of a heated fancy for divine oracles, and περι ὄν, ουχ οἰδε, μαντευεσθα, to give vent to his ignorance in prophetic declamation.

In one of those moments, so auspicious to the felicity of visionaries, he asserts his *mind* to have told him, that besides the two sovereign and prime energies of the one only true God, ενος οντως οντος Θεου, goodness and power, there was a third (the *logos*), which was a point of concentration between both. \*\*\* Τριτον δε συναγωγον αμφοιν μεσον ειναι λογον.

Very clear and definite ideas are not to be expected in such writers as Philo, nor in the mystics of the Alexandrian, nor of any other school. Vague and indeterminate ideas are the aliment of mysticism; and where they are excluded, the dreams of visionaries must

expire like the vitality of a mouse in a glass exhausted of its air. Philo has told us, p. 76, that his soul was wont θεοληπτεῖσθαι to be seized by the spirit of the divinity, or, in other words, to be inspired. We all know from a myriad of examples among the visionaries of our own times, that the common effect of such *imagined inspiration* is to make men talk nonsense; but the misfortune is that the nonsense of Philo, carefully copied, and faithfully preserved by the fathers of the Alexandrian school, has been transmitted, as a sacred treasure to the different communions in Christendom, and has proved most mischievous in its effects, by making a mystic labyrinth of the simple creed which Jesus delivered to his disciples.

In p. 4, in the treatise on the creation of the world, we find Philo saying, τον δε αρχατον και νοτον Θεου λογον και Θεου λογον\* εικονα λεγει Θεου. The *logos* is here termed *the image of God*. In another passage, p. 563, Philo says, λογος δε εστιν εικων Θεου, δι ου συμπας ο κοσμος εδημιουργειτο. In this last passage the *logos* is again called *the image of God, by whom the world was made*. Here we perceive that subordinate instrumentality ascribed to the *logos*, which the Nicene fathers thought fit to establish as an article of the *orthodox* faith. The δι ου, 'by whom' the instrumentality or agency operating by superior volition, which Philo supposed to belong to the *logos*, the Nicene creed transfers to Jesus of Nazareth, 'by whom all things were made.'

A species of mediatorial office is assigned to the *logos* by Philo, as well as a diversity of nature, partaking of the human and the divine, not *unbegotten like God, nor begotten like men*, but between the two extremes, and having an affinity to both. The following is a very remarkable passage :

Τω δε αρχαγγελω και πρεσβυτατω λογω διηρευνει αιρετον εδωκεν δι τα ολα γενικεας πατητης, ινα μεδορις στας, τη γενοισμον διακρινει του πεποιηκοτος. Ο δι αυτος ιερετης μηδ ει του θυτου ικραινοντος αλι προς το αφθαρτον, πρεσβυτης δε του ιημερονος προς το υπερκον. αγιαλλεται δε επι τη διηρευ και σεμινυομενοις αιτην εκδιηγειται φασκην, Και γω

\* The words και Θεου λογον are, we since find, omitted by Manegay, as they are not found in Eusebius and in the Vatican MSS. R.

ειστηκειν αυτον μεσον κυριου και υμων, ουτε αγεννητος ως ο Θεος ων, ουτε γεννητος ως ημεις, αλλα μεσος των ακρων, αμφοτεροις ομηρευων.'

The universal father, says Philo, has appointed the chief of his angels, his most ancient word, to that distinguished situation, in which, placed on the confines of both natures, he acts as a boundary line between the creation and the creator. As a suppliant he intercedes in behalf of ever frail and erring man to the incorruptible *God*, while he performs the office of an ambassador between the almighty sovereign and his subjects. The functions, which he discharges, are the source of his joy, and he magnifies the high dignity of his office, exclaiming, I am the mediator between the Lord and you; neither being unbegotten as God, nor born like man, but a centre of union for the two extremes. This is the most definite rendering which we can give of the above passage; and, if it be vague, the fault is not ours, so much as that of the original, which is vague, because the writer was visionary; and ventured, far beyond his depth, into a sea of theological metaphysics, where every thing is unsettled and confused, and where the savage and the sage must alike be destitute of reason and experience for their guide.

If we had space we should multiply our quotations from the writings of Philo, who may be called the great hierophant of theological mysticism and allegory, and from whom the Alexandrian fathers evidently derived part of that philosophy, of Jewish, Babylonish, and Grecian extraction, with which they corrupted the crystalline purity of the gospel.

Among the christian professors of Alexandria, and other persons who adopted their opinions, Mr. Jerningham first mentions the name of Tertullian, who, though he never resided in that place, evinced a strong predilection for the theological scheme which was taught in this celebrated school. Cyprian, Jerome, Origen, Gregory Thaumaturgus, are next produced, particularly as supporting the doctrine of demonism, and extending the region of superstition. The demonology of the Jews was not of Grecian, but of Oriental extraction; and appears to have been wrought into a regular system during their captivity in Babylon. The Jews, who afterwards went to reside in Alexandria, carried with them their adscititious creed in the agency of demons; and this creed was gradually amalgamated with the Platonic philosophy which

was taught at that place, and with which it soon formed a sort of homogeneous compound of mysticism and absurdity.

Mr. Jerningham terminates his brief notice of the Alexandrian divines with that of St. Austin, a name of portentous magnitude in the Christian world; and the influence of whose writings in vitiating the doctrine of Jesus, and perplexing the minds of his followers, has perhaps been altogether more extensive and permanent than that of all the other fathers of the church. To him we are principally indebted for having dug that deep pit of *predestination*, in which so many sincere but ignorant believers have been sunk in despair.

‘With all the veneration,’ says Mr. Jerningham, ‘that is so justly due to the great apostle of the gentiles, I do not hesitate to affirm, that it is a misfortune to the christian world that Austin ever exchanged his Plato for Saint Paul. The apostle of the gentiles had acquired in the schools of the Pharisees a considerable share of Jewish erudition, through which he communicated the christian doctrine in a profusion of words that are sometimes involved and obscure. In the eighth chapter of the epistle to the Romans, ver. 29, and in the ninth, ver. 18, the apostle mentions the influence that God exercises over human agency. An opinion of such tremendous importance is brought forward incidentally, without any preparatory introduction, or any acknowledgment of divine communication. The words of the apostle are magnified by Saint Austin in his accustomed manner of exaggeration; and in his rapid career of thought, hastening from deduction to deduction, he conceived in a gloomy and unfortunate hour that monster of the human mind, *predestination*! Speaking of the two cities, Saint Austin expresses himself in this unequivocal manner: “Quarum est una quæ prædestinata est in eternum regnare cum deo: altera eternum supplicium subire cum diabolo.”

‘No pen can record the extensive mischief that has flowed, and still continues to flow, from this theological opinion: it chills the ardour of hope, converts the filial affection due to the father of mankind into terror, invalidates the efforts of virtue, mocks the patient sufferer, laughs at the tear that asks for mercy, thwarts the principle of reason, erases the claims of justice, and changes the nature of God.’

Our readers will we trust accord with us, in admiring the force, the beauty, and the truth of the last paragraph which we have quoted, relative to a doctrine on which, though it constitutes one of the articles of the establishment, it seems the highest presumption either of indi-

viduals, or of councils and synods to pronounce their dogmatical decrees.

‘ In a diligent perusal,’ says Mr. Jerningham, ‘ of Saint Austin’s treatise “ *De Civitate Dei*,” I discovered none of those ingots to which the French bishop alludes: but I frequently met with passages unworthy of a great and comprehensive mind. In the 25th chapter of the second book, Saint Austin commemorates a battle (with all the pomp of reality) supposed to have taken place among the Pagan deities; he says, that before the devils, or falsely reputed gods, were engaged in this terrible conflict, howlings were heard in the air, and clashing of arms, and sounds of martial instruments. The aerial armies at length descended on some plain in Campania, where many spectators were witnesses of the contest, which lasted several days. The purport of this battle, Saint Austin asserts, was to provoke among the Romans those intestine commotions which soon after ensued; and the example of the gods was a justification of all the outrages and massacres they committed during the civil contentions.

‘ Passages of a more objectionable nature occur in the 9th chapter of the 6th book, which exhibits the most revolting repetitions of indecent language; and in the 28th chapter of the 7th book, and in the 14th book, from the 16th chapter to the 24th, the same impurity of diction recurs. It is almost painful to transcribe his remark upon the immaculate conception: “ God spoke by his angel, and the virgin was impregnated through the ear.” “ *Deus loquebatur per angelum, et Virgo per aurem impregnabatur.*” Bossuet, in alluding to the same subject, expresses himself in this puerile manner: “ *C'est un fleur que son intégrité a poussée.*”

‘ The figurative veil that concealed the image of Isis in the temple of Sais, may, in its emblematic sense, be applied to the mysteries of the true religion, on whose hallowed *peplum* whenever the fathers of the church or modern divines lay their clumsy hands, they expose to ridicule what they intend to hold up to veneration.

‘ In the 7th chapter of the 16th book “ *De Civitate*,” Saint Austin discourses on the manner in which the animals who could neither swim nor fly, were enabled to reach the distant islands after the deluge. The good father is of opinion, that they might have been conveyed to the remote islands by the agency of celestial spirits: I appeal to the candour of the reader, if the idea of an immense collection of tame and wild beasts, travelling through the air on the backs of angels does not better suit the farcical mind of Rabelais, than the conception of a dignified prelate?

‘ In one of the most elaborate works that antiquity hath bequeathed to us (the *Evangelical Preparations*), the 82d chapter

of the 12th book bears this scandalous proposition: "How it may be fitting to use falsehood, as a medicine for those who want to be deceived." In this chapter Eusebius produces a passage from Plato, which commends the practice of pious and salutary frauds. This opinion of Plato was boldly asserted by the Alexandrian school, and renders very doubtful many passages of the fathers. In speaking of the testimony due to those primitive writers, Jortin observes, "We might as well believe upon the authority of *Æsop* and *Phraedrus*, that the fox and the cat held a dialogue together in Greek or in Latin."

It would be difficult to ascertain in the present day, by what steps Saint Austin ascended the throne of mental dominion, and by what means he subjugated so great a part of Christendom; for he invented an almost new scheme of religious belief, which is only to be found in his writings. What Cicero says of Plato, is applicable to Saint Austin: "Novam quandam fixit in libris civitatem." (L. 1, c. 52, *De Oratore*.)

It is ingeniously observed by Ridley, that when learning fell asleep in the western world, her last thoughts lingered on St. Austin, the object of her admiration: and her dreams during her long repose, presented to her nothing but his excellencies: when she awoke, her former impressions revived, and her partialities acquired still greater energy.

Dupin, a Catholic writer, Beausobre, and other respectable authors, have attempted to diminish the influence of Saint Austin. The Gallican church, exclusive of the Jesuits (who formed a numerous protesting body), appears to have always submitted to the yoke of this intellectual usurper. The celebrated Jesuit Hardouin laboured with persevering assiduity, to disconnect the fathers from the Gallican church. This he called "unstringing the beads from the rosary of antiquity."

The last public honour payed to the memory of Saint Austin in France, was at Paris, in the year 1775, when the abbé Mauri, in the church of the Austin Friars, pronounced his panegyric, in the presence of cardinals, archbishops, and dignitaries of the French clergy. Although the panegyrist kept throughout his oration on the sunny side of his subject, he displayed nothing very interesting or splendid. The discourse was said to be unworthy of the orator, and inadequate to the expectation of his dignified audience.'

In the next part of this elegant essay, Mr. Jerningham strenuously urges the necessity of a new revision of the liturgy and the articles; and he enforces his arguments by the most revered names and the most respectable authorities. One of the objects of every ecclesiastical establishment, ought to be the production of peace and good will, not only within, but without, the confines of the sanctuary. Now, in order to promote the attainment

of this object, it is of primary importance to exclude all those topics, which, without ministering either to edification, or to charity, serve only to occasion divisions and to perpetuate strife. The points of Christian belief, which are essential, are few and clear; and to insist on those, which are not essential, is to shew more fondness for contention and debate, than for charity or for peace. No *Christian* will controvert the opinion that there is a *God*, or that Jesus was the beloved son of *God*; that he taught the purest doctrine, and set the most holy examples; that he was put to death by an unjust sentence; but that he rose from the dead and ascended into heaven. No sincere *Christian*, whether he be *Catholic* or *Protestant*, whether he be *Calvinist* or *Arminian*, whether he be *Socinian*, *Arian*, or *Trinitarian*, whether he be *Presbyterian*, or *Methodist*, will controvert any of the several heads of doctrine which we have just enumerated. These, therefore, might safely be inculcated as the stable principles of christian amity and ecclesiastical union. Some sects might believe more, but none could believe less; and more would not be in the least conducive to that charity, which is the bond of perfectness between men on earth and angels in heaven.

We would leave the creed of individuals to the conscience of individuals; but the creed of a national establishment, which is designed to embrace, as in one ample fold, numerous individuals of great diversities of belief, *ought to retain only those essentials of faith, in which all sects accord*. By retaining only those essentials, which are common to different sects of Christians, we do not condemn these tenets, which are peculiar to each. In this case silence is respect. For such a national church, founded on such a broad basis as is most truly agreeable to the real genius of christianity, would not, like some less comprehensive establishments, produce opinions, or enumerate tenets, merely to make them the object of condemnation and obloquy; of bitter reproofs or malevolent anathemas. It would select those articles of belief, which are so generally held, as to form a common centre of union; but it would not either disturb this union, or render it incomplete, by insisting with dogmatical authoritativeness, on those *minor points of belief*, which can serve only as topics of strife and points of separation.

What? exclaims the man, who knows not the true spirit of the doctrine of Jesus. What? would you form a national church on such a comprehensive principle as to in-

clude Christians of all denominations ? Would you include Protestant and Catholic, Calvinist and Arminian, with all their divisions and subdivisions, their coats of many colours, and their creeds of various hues, in the same sanctuary ? Yes, we reply without the smallest hesitation. This is undoubtedly the wish which we have long cherished, and which we trust that we shall retain to our latest breath. Nor is it either a visionary or an impracticable scheme. For it is a scheme, which JESUS HIMSELF has taught us how to accomplish with the greatest facility and the utmost possible effect. Take the prayer which HE taught his disciples as the model of those which you use in the established worship, and no sect, whatever may be its peculiar opinions, could reasonably refuse to concur in the repetition of your liturgy, or in the adoration of the universal father in the national sanctuary. In that prayer, which JESUS gave to his disciples, as a pattern to be imitated in the forms of human supplication, no ideas are introduced but such as will find some chord of sympathy in the hearts of all religionists of all denominations. Our common dependance, our common imperfections, our common wants, both physical and moral, are appealed to in this divine form of supplication, not as a cause of separation, but the **PRINCIPLE OF UNION**. Would ! that our civil and ecclesiastical governors would lay this to heart ; and learn before it be too late, to apply the only possible remedy, which can be devised for the religious dissensions of these realms, that the gospel of Christ, instead of being a bone of contention, may be the cause of peace and of good will among us ; that, instead of wasting our time in idle and fruitless controversies, about *unessential doctrines*, we may employ it on subjects of higher moral and intellectual utility. These sentiments will, we know, cause us to be assailed with a tempest of calumny and abuse. But truth is our guide, and conscience is our shield.

Those who object to any alterations in our present establishment, seem to forget that the establishment is founded on the *principle of gradual improvement*. The founders of our church never thought it perfect ; but foresaw that it might, and trusted that it would be ameliorated by successive alterations, suited to times and circumstances, and to the general increase of scriptural knowledge. In the preface to the book of common prayer, it is expressly said that

‘ the particular form of divine worship and the rites and ceremonies appointed to be used therein, being things in their own

nature indifferent and alterable, and so acknowledged, it is BUT REASONABLE that, upon weighty and important considerations, according to the various exigencies of times, and occasions, and alterations, such changes should be made therein, as to those, that are in place of authority, should from time to time seem either necessary or expedient. Accordingly we find that, in the reigns of several princes of blessed memory since the reformation, the church upon just and weighty considerations her thereunto moving, hath yielded to make such alterations in some particulars, as in their respective times were thought convenient.'

Those persons who oppose all alteration in the liturgy and the articles, seem to think that they came perfect in every part, from the synod of our first reformers, like Pallas from Jupiter's brain. They forget that they have already undergone several alterations; and that our ecclesiastical system itself is expressly founded on a principle of improvement, in order to accommodate it to the intellectual state of the times, and to the progress of the human mind.

The last commission, which was formed for improving the liturgy, and for enlarging the terms of communion, passed the great seal in the year 1689. The plan itself was patronised by Archbishop Sancroft, in conjunction with the most pious and erudite contemporary theologians; but the design was unfortunately frustrated by the zealots of that day, as the emancipation of the catholics has been prevented by the 'No popery!' cry of a later period.

The same reasoning, which is now employed to prevent a reform in the church of England, was used, at the period of the reformation, to prevent any correction of the errors of the Romish church. The retention of the mass, and of all the mummary of Popish superstition, was represented as essential to the very preservation of Christianity itself. If the people relinquished their rosaries, their consecrated wafers, and their holy waters, atheism was sure to emerge from the abyss beneath, and to ravage the land. In the same manner it is now contended by those, who love to luxuriate in indolence, that if we were to give up one of the thirty-nine articles, or to alter any of our liturgic forms, all the churches and steeples in the land would instantly tumble about our ears, that the earth would yawn under our feet, and that millions of fiends in the shades below would rise and darken the air.

But let us not be prevented by vain alarms from endeavouring to improve the good work of religious reforma-

tion, which our ancestors begun, but which they left, *even in their own judgment*, incomplete. While our political constitution is in a state of gradual improvement, let not our ecclesiastical system retain all the marks of the ignorance and superstition of the times in which it was produced. While our civil and criminal code are gradually accommodated by the wisdom and the policy of our legislators, to the increased knowledge and civilization of the times, let not our religious institutions and our devotional forms exhibit all their ancient traces of uncharitableness and intolerance.

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, the articles of the church of England amounted to forty-two; in the reign of Elizabeth they were reduced to thirty-nine. If, in the short period which elapsed between the reign of Edward the Sixth and that of Elizabeth, the church could endure the abolition of three of her articles without feeling any sensible inconvenience, surely in the more than two centuries, which have intervened between the reign of Elizabeth and the present year of George the Third, in which scriptural and moral knowledge have been so greatly augmented, and so widely diffused, the whole body of the articles might safely be revised, and a few simple and essential truths be substituted for such a heterogeneous mass of absurdities and contradictions. If a national establishment were at this moment to be formed, and such a body of articles as we now have, were to be appended to it, the cry of savage intolerance and of an unjustifiable invasion of the right of private judgment would be heard from one end of the kingdom to the other. The establishment of the inquisition itself, would hardly produce a more determined resistance. The truth is, that *such* articles as those of our establishment are diametrically opposite to the temper and the *genius* of the times, and to the *general* scale of knowledge and of charity. It is only their long continuance, which has produced the present apathy with respect to their tendencies and effects. They are like an ulcer or a wen to which the eye has been so long accustomed, that the mind ceases to be struck by the danger or the deformity.

We know that there are many persons, who think that if any of the rubbish of superstition which is at present heaped up round the establishment, in the form of articles and creeds, were removed, the whole structure would totter to its base. But this is so far from being true, that the solidity of the building would be increased; and the

beauty, which is now hidden by such a collection of filth and deformity, would strike every eye.

The more rational and liberal, the more comprehensive and scriptural, the liturgy and the articles of a national establishment are rendered, the more they breathe the fragrance of universal charity, the greater number of sincere worshippers will they attract into the sanctuary. No schism will rend such a church; for it is not charity but intolerance, it is not liberality but narrow-mindedness, which generates schism, and multiplies schismatics. Let the church of England enlarge the terms of her communion; let her render her liturgy at once simple, scriptural, and comprehensive, according to the model of the Lord's prayer, and she will so far diminish the number of her enemies, and increase that of her friends, that she will be impenetrable to every assault. Let the sentiment of peace and good will pervade all her devotional forms; let the God of peace be worshipped, not in the tone and the diction of sectarian controversy, but in the letter and the spirit of unfeigned benevolence; not with polemical asperity but with affectionate tenderness; and all religionists of all denominations who possess any portion of the spirit of Jesus, will hasten to hear the ministration of hope and comfort within those walls, where devotion is kindled by love, and the father of mercies is adored at once by the understanding and the heart. We shall conclude this article with a sentence with which the kind-hearted and enlightened Mr. Jerningham terminates his essay on the Alexandrian School.

Mr. Jerningham will, we are sure, give us credit for being animated with a portion of his sincerity and disinterestedness in the remarks which we have made on the necessity of ecclesiastical reformation, and in the wish that that reformation may augment the solidity and the usefulness of the establishment.

‘ May the stately cedar that is rooted on our holy mount, extend her branches to a wider circumference; and brightening in the radiance of celestial light, may she endure to time's concluding scene! ’

**ART. III.—Bruce's *Annals of the East India Company.***  
 (Concluded.)

THE second volume of this work opens with an extremely well-written introduction, containing an account of the state of India under the long reign of Aurungzebe, who seems to have been one of those men whom providence exhibits but rarely on the stage of mortality. His reign, which lasted near a century, was one continued series of conquests over the native powers, and his empire, like that of Alexander, fell to pieces at his death.

The marriage of Charles II. with the Infanta of Portugal, added Bombay to the British settlements in India. In 1664, the French, allured by the prospect of gain, fitted out a formidable fleet and established an East India Company. Their factories were established at St. Thomé and Trincomalee, but in the usual spirit of their nation, their intrigues were extended over India. About this period the English first began to take part in the wars between the native powers. In the neighbourhood of Surat, Aurungzebe had a formidable enemy in the person of Sevagee, who was at the head of a horde of petty native chiefs. The English being the allies of Aurungzebe, their settlement of Surat was attacked by Sevagee, but it was defended with such effect by the English, that Aurungzebe gave them several fresh grants of adjacent territory, with new phirmaunds or licences to trade.

The stability of the company's power in India was threatened about this period in consequence of certain disputes having arisen on the subject of precedence between the company's servants and the king's officers. These affairs of punctilio were of course totally unintelligible to the natives, and were artfully turned to the disadvantage of the English by their French and other European rivals, who had their secret emissaries dispersed over India.

The period between 1684 and the revolution seems to have been the most flourishing in the annals of the East India Company. The trade with China and the Spice Islands was established on a firm foundation, and the important settlement of Calcutta was acquired. This prosperity seems to have been owing to the prudent line of policy adopted by Sir John Child, the company's chief servant in India for many years.

During the contentions of the native princes at that

period, it was usual for the British residents to send large bribes to all parties, but even this did not always save the interests of the English East India Company from suffering severely from the rapacity of the conqueror. Indeed, we find, that until the company became formidable to the native powers by embodying a standing army of their own, their property or the persons of their servants were never secure.

Mr. Bruce, in the inferences drawn from the transactions of the company, from the restoration of Charles II. to the revolution in 1688, and with which he concludes his second volume, thus accounts for the rise and progress of the company's military power in India. After detailing the distresses to which their servants abroad were subject for the want of a military protection, he informs us, that the company were of opinion :

‘That unless fortified stations yielding a revenue equal to the charges of them could be obtained, and unless a naval and military force could be employed to impress the sovereigns in India, that the English could retaliate the wrongs they were suffering, the trade and possessions of the company could not be preserved; because the native powers considered them as merchants only, who might be useful, by their contributions and service, but who could not bring a force to redress, or to revenge the injuries they might sustain.’

The following conclusions from the preceding details, are then given :

‘That during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. though the domestic and foreign administration of the company's affairs were affected by the treaties in Europe, and by the rivalship of European companies in the East, they were uniformly protected by the crown; that during the wars between the Indian powers, they received the recommendations of the king to the sovereigns in whose dominions the roots of their trade were situated; that the crown, as a further encouragement, conferred on them the Islands of Bombay and St. Helena, in full property, vested them with the power of making war or peace with the native princes or states, gave them authority to coin money, current in the countries in which they traded; empowered them to direct courts of judicature in their settlements, and to exercise admiralty jurisdiction; erected Madras into a corporation, under the company's seal; that questions respecting their authority over English subjects, within their limits, might be prevented, and enabled them to prosecute interlopers in courts of law in England, and, by a more summary procedure, to bring them to justice in India; and that though they relinquished to the crown

the settlements they had established on the coast of Africa, during their union with the Assada merchants, they were subsequently protected by the king against the Levant Company, endeavouring to check their imports from the countries within their limits.

That Charles II. and James II. uniformly protected the company against the interlopers, who, when they found that licences for trade to India could not be obtained from the crown, assumed three distinct characters; the interlopers, who fitted out ships in England, and carried stock to trade in India (as they pretended) at ports not resorted to by the company's ships; the interlopers, who fitted out ships in England, and had formed illicit connections with some of the company's servants in India, who, in violation of their covenants and their duty, engaged to aid in defrauding their masters; and the interlopers, who fitted out ships and took in cargoes on English capital, in foreign ports, and proposed to bring home Indian produce, to be sold in foreign markets; that each of those classes of interlopers acted according to the amount of their stock on equipments, against the company's trade, and frequently occasioned the exactions and contributions to which their foreign settlements were subjected; that the crown, on discovering these illegal and fraudulent proceedings, and on finding that the abettors of the interlopers were chiefly company's servants, who had violated their covenants, granted full protection to the company, against the losses and the ruin which such frauds must inevitably have brought on a corporation, which, by public efforts, and by a large joint stock, had created, and continued, a direct commerce between England and the East Indies.

That the East India Company, after finding phirsaunds, or grants of privileges, and exemptions from customs, insufficient to protect either the seats of their trade or the transit of their goods, through the interior provinces, resolved to commence hostilities against the Mogal, and to assume the rank of an independent power, by constituting a regency at Bombay and Fort St. George, and a similar regency at Chittagong, should the large armament sent to the East Indies, succeed in obtaining possession of that station; that, to consolidate this system it was necessary to incur the charges of erecting fortifications and maintaining garrisons, for the protection of trade, and not less so, to have, in the Indian seas, a naval force, superior to that possessed by any of the native priuces, and equal to resist (in the event of war in Europe), the armaments of the maritime powers, having settlements or trade in the East Indies.'

In their assumption of military power in India, the English were only imitating the policy of the Dutch, who had long before erected military forts at all their stations,

and thus not only secured themselves from the attacks of the natives, but also against the introduction of any rival European power. The repeated extortions of the Mogul and his agents fully justified the precautionary measures thus adopted by the Europeans, and we think it unfair at this distant period to call in question the policy which originally dictated the establishment of the European military arrangements in India.

The cordial alliance which subsisted between Great Britain and Holland after the accession of the Prince of Orange, did not extend beyond his European subjects. In India, the jealousies of the Dutch, although they never broke out into open hostilities, continued to annoy the English trade in the Indian seas. In 1690, the French sent out a formidable fleet with a view to sweep the seas of the Dutch and English traders, and although the engagements which took place with the combined fleets were bravely contested by the latter, yet there was a coldness in the co-operation of the Dutch which allowed the French to escape without suffering an absolute defeat. They were enabled, therefore, to reinforce the few settlements they had in India and to protect their merchants vessels from capture.

The period between 1688 and the close of the century, was consumed in struggles of various kinds on the part of the monopolists, whose annals are now under review. The king still continued to exercise what was at that time considered as one of the inseparable prerogatives of royalty, namely, the right of granting licences to private merchants to trade with India. The lawyers declared that no grant of exclusive trade to the company was valid without an act of parliament; and the House of Commons also voted in the session of 1693-1694, that 'it was the right of all Englishmen to trade to the East Indies, or to any part of the world, unless prohibited by act of parliament.' The rivals of the company were thus emboldened in their attacks upon its privileges and their number increased so as to endanger the continuance of the regular company's trade. The enterprising individuals who were occupied in breaking through what the voice of the nation at that period denominated an unjust and odious monopoly, are branded by our annalist with the unseemly epithets of interlopers and even pirates. That a few vessels manned and armed for purposes of piracy, should escape the vigilance of the navy at that period, is not to be wondered at, but it is

unfair to enumerate marauders of this description as being encouraged by the government at home in their depredations on their fellow subjects.

The close of the 17th century brings us to the close of Mr. Bruce's work. The London Company was compelled by a variety of untoward occurrences to take into partnership the 'interlopers,' and 'pirates,' who had so much annoyed them, and their firm was now changed into that of the united company of merchants trading to the East Indies.

The results with which the third volume concludes, exhibit in a clear manner the relative situations of the London Company and their formidable rivals, who were at length formed into a separate association by the title of the English Company. The following extract, which alludes to the final extinction of the rival companies, affords a succinct view of the history of the East India Company at that period, and presents some inferences which will, no doubt, meet with mature consideration, when our legislators enter upon the discussion respecting the renewal of the company's charter.

The impracticability of completing the union, while the separate interests of the two companies were to be adjusted by themselves, led to the act, the sixth of Queen Anne, which compelled both to appeal to the Lord High Treasurer, Godolphin, whose able award terminated, upon fair and just terms, that competition, which plausible theories of commerce, and the improvident establishment of opposing companies, had so unhappily begun; an award, which took away from each, the possibility of recourse to expedients for maintaining separate interests, and, in itself, recognized, as by law it was authorized to do, all the privileges which the grants of the crown had given to the London Company, and all the rights which the English Company had derived from an act of legislature, and combining both, confirmed the corporate capacity of the United Company of merchants of England trading to the East Indies.

From the whole of these annals it appears, that the United Company, as recognized by the award of Lord Godolphin, are vested with all the rights of the London and English companies, and that they have been declared, by law, to be entitled to the dead stock, which the Indenture Tripartite had ascertained:—That the value of this dead stock was, however, at the time, estimated rather with a view to a compromise, then deduced from the actual expenditure of the London Company, in purchasing their settlements, or in giving valuable considerations to the native powers, for grants of privileges, or from the annual charges for presents, and bribes, to those sovereigns,

and to their governors, to allow them the quiet possession of their seats of trade, in the undefended territories:—That these sums, or expenditures, constituted, also, a large part of the dead stock, which account he estimated, even by the indefinite computation of many millions, but to which the United East India Company have an undoubted right, on the principles of the constitution, and of the laws of England:—That the actual value of this dead stock of the United Company has been increased, by the advances which they have made to the public by the sums paid as revenue from their commerce, and by the civil and military charges of acquiring and procuring their seats of trade; and, even at this early time, to those of trade must be ascribed the valuable exchanges between Britain and India, and subsequently, in a still greater proportion, the circuitous exchanges with China:—That, therefore, to whatever magnitude the dead stock of the United Company may, since that time, have been extended, it cannot be taken from them, should the legislature, after the experience of two centuries, again give way to any similar speculations of the East India commerce, with those which have been proved to be impracticable, or to any hazardous theories of general trade, without injustice, and in equity, giving to the United Company of merchants of England trading to the East Indies, a full compensation for their dead stock, and for the charges of acquiring and preserving those territorial possessions, which have extended the limits of the British Empire, and so largely contributed to the increase of its navigation and commerce.

---

ART. IV.—*The Life of Dr. Beilby Porteus, late Lord Bishop of London. With Anecdotes of those with whom he lived, and Memoirs of many living and deceased Characters. By a Lay-member of Merton College, Oxford. London, Davis, Essex Street, 8vo. pp. 260. 9s.*

IN the present article we shall condense into as narrow a compass as we can, the few particulars which this volume contains relative to the life of Bishop Porteus, without introducing many remarks of our own on his character or writings. Our opinion of both has been long formed, and is pretty well known; we shall not therefore intrude it on the attention of the reader in this biographical epitome.

Dr. Beilby Porteus is said to have been born on the other side of the Atlantic. The present writer did not mention, because he did not know, the particular place of his nativity; but, as in his will, we find him leaving a tract

of land, near Port Tobacco, in Maryland, North America, to his grand nephew, Thomas Porteus, we are led to conjecture that his family was once settled in that neighbourhood. His father, who seems to have conceived the ambition of giving his son a learned education, and of making him a pastor of the church, brought him over to England, according to the statement of our author, at an early period, when he took up his residence in the vicinity of the town of Rippon in Yorkshire.

Young Porteus was placed at the school of Rippon, the master of which was a clergyman of the name of Hyde. The author tells us that he has not been 'able to ascertain whether Mr. Porteus made any *unusual* progress, or displayed any *unusual abilities* whilst under the care of Mr. Hyde.' We believe that there are *data* in existence by which this point might be determined with some degree of certainty. It seems that 'the bishop could never be induced to speak in any detail of his early years.' This reticency to do that to which there is a very common propensity, in the later periods of life, and particularly in the garrulity of age, may be ascribed to various causes; but at any rate it proves, to whatever reason it might be owing, that his early years were not the object of any very pleasurable recognition.

Mr. Porteus continued for about seven years under the tuition of Mr. Hyde. He became a member of Christ's college, Cambridge in the year 1748. He proceeded to London on the roof of a Yorkshire diligence, and as the author says, 'in a thread-bare coat' in his way to the university. The 'lay-member of Merton college' seems to delight in contrasting the primary entrance of the bishop into the English capital, in this humble garb, with his appearance when he was seen blooming with episcopal honours, and when the gazing crowd of patricians and plebeians hung with rapture on his *evangelical* tongue.

Mr. Porteus, whilst at Cambridge, is said not to have made any considerable proficiency in the mathematics. The author adds, 'his taste never lay this way.' His attention was rather too volatile and desultory for the pursuit. In another place, we are told that

'Mr. Porteus always seemed to entertain a notion that mathematical studies did not very cordially unite with suitable religious feelings; that the intensity of thought and application which they required, exhausted as it were, the warmth of the mind, and induced an apathy and coldness of feeling, which

finally left the mind of a mathematician only fitted for the mathematics.'

If, when the bishop said that 'mathematical studies did not very cordially unite with *suitable religious feelings*', he meant by 'religious feelings' the *aesthetic delusions* of our modern spiritualists, he was certainly correct in his opinion; but then he should have recollect that *such feelings*, which originate in false conceptions of the divine agency, are not suitable to religion. Mathematical studies, which give strength to the judgment; and solidity to the understanding, tend more effectually than any other to liberate it from the influence of that ardent temperament, which affords the most favourable soil for the growth of superstition and enthusiasm. But mathematical studies, as far as they enlarge the knowledge of physical causes, and open to the mind the most sublime views of wisdom and of power, must rather encourage, than repress, that devotional sensibility, which elevates the mind from secondary causes to the first source of all that we behold. The mathematics, besides, instead of narrowing the line of intellectual pursuit, seem admirably qualified to facilitate the attainment of every species of knowledge, in which investigation is requisite. Enthusiasts are usually destitute of science; and this defect is indeed often found the cause of their enthusiasm. Ignorance is always credulous; but a true religion wants not the support either of credulity or ignorance.

From p. 50 to 126, which constitutes no small portion of this thin octavo, we lose sight of Mr. Porteus to read some desultory but well-known particulars respecting the Bishops Watson, and Horsley, and Lord Thurlow, accompanied with some remarks of no very modern date.

At p. 128 we find Mr. Porteus obtaining a fellowship by his 'exemplary conduct.' This 'exemplary conduct' had been previously resolved by the author into regular 'attendance at lectures; attendance at chapel; and a return to the college every night before the gates are shut.' We are then informed that 'the observance of these *duties*, accompanied with any other merit whatever, is the certain road to a fellowship.'

About this time Mr. Porteus appears to have obtained the Seatonian Prize for a poem on the subject of death. The author says truly that Mr. Porteus 'was only a poet as many other ingenious men become poets. He made an effort and succeeded.' But after he had made this one

effort, we agree with the author in thinking that it was no small part of his merit that he never made a second.

In 1760 Mr. Porteus preached a sermon before the university on the character of David, which he was requested to print. The author has given a diffuse account of this sermon, which extends from p. 134 to 161. Had he not better have reprinted the whole discourse? We agree with the biographer in thinking that it is one of the best sermons which the bishop ever published. Parts of it display a vigour of conception, a tone of reasoning, and a sagacity of remark, beyond what he exhibited in the productions of his riper years.

This sermon, on the character of David, is said to have recommended Mr. Porteus to the patronage of Archbishop Secker. The archbishop, who seems to have felt the force of the adage, *Bis dat qui cito dat*, did not, like some of his episcopal brethren, suffer the sensibility of gratitude, as well as of enjoyment, to be blunted by length of expectancy. He appointed the youthful divine one of his domestic chaplains, and, at the same time, presented him to the benefice of Wittersham, in Kent.

In 1764 Mr. Porteus had made such progress in the favourable opinion of his patron, that he conferred upon him the rectory of Bucking in Kent; and about the same time, procured for him a prebend of Peterborough. The author says that two men did not exist

‘ who were so totally *disinterested* as the archbishop and Mr. Porteus, nor two men, who, equally distant from all selfish motives, took such delight in mutual benefits. Had a writer like Cicero lived in the present age, and should he write another treatise *dé Amicitia*, these two admirable men would doubtless have been his *Lælius* and *Scipio*; his examples of a friendship in which each most purely loved the other, because each knew the other to be worthy of it, and to be as remote from all selfishness as himself.—Could Secker have given a crown, and would Porteus have accepted it, he would have had it.’

We shall not stay to analyze the peculiar disinterestedness of these two champions of the faith, each of whom was very inadequately rewarded for the purity of his zeal by the most lucrative stations which they could receive, or the church could bestow. The author of this life, does not mention a highly disinterested journey, which his admired Bishop Porteus is reported to have been very anxious to make from London to Durham. But this, though a *disinterested*, was esteemed rather a *retrograde movement*

by the higher powers ; and therefore not according to the established formulary of ecclesiastical *promotion* !

Mr. Porteus being, as we are now informed,

‘ perfectly at ease with respect to pecuniary circumstances, made his addresses to Miss Hodgson of Parliament Street, and was as fortunate in his selection of a wife as in his attainment of a friend.’ ‘ No mortal happiness could excel that of Dr. Porteus and his lady. Such is the reward of piety and of *dependence*, and *leaning on* Providence even in this world.’

In addition to this rare portion of connubial felicity, the subject of this article received in 1767 the degree of doctor of divinity ; and Dr. Denne, the rector of Lambeth, dying in the same year, Dr. Porteus was presented to this valuable piece of preferment. He now became almost domesticated at Lambeth.

In August 1768, Dr. Porteus was deprived by death of his friend and benefactor Archbishop Secker. As Dr. P. published the life of his patron, and as this said life is now become rather scarce, the ‘ lay-member of Merton’ very kindly proceeds to occupy about sixteen pages of the life of Dr. Porteus, with the various particulars which Dr. Porteus himself has related of the life of Archbishop Secker. From this, and from the previous insertions, respecting Bishops Watson, Horsley, and Lord Thurlow, we are almost led to suspect that our worthy author, though a lay-brother of Merton, has been initiated in the art and mystery of book-making.

In 1776 Dr. Porteus was elevated to that station, which ‘ his talents and virtues so well merited,—the episcopal bench. He was made bishop of Chester. His promotion has been generally ascribed to the influence of the queen ; and the author says that her majesty ‘ obtained greater and more *just* popularity by it, than by *any other act of her life*.’ Did the author intend this as a compliment ? If so, we fear that his residence in the monastic walls of Merton has rendered him a very ignoramus in the art of paying court to royalty.

On the death of Bishop Louth, Dr. Porteus was translated to the see of London. He made considerable additions to the library at Fulham, which he bequeathed to his successors in the see. This was a good example, and we wish that it were generally followed. The episcopal library in *every* see should be a great repository of ancient and modern learning, to which a free access should be allowed to the clergy of the diocese. This would often be

a great accommodation to the clergy, and would be very favourable to the interests of literature.

Bishop Porteus is said to have 'distributed the livings in his gift without any consideration but those of merit.' We have not information sufficient either to confirm the truth, or to ascertain the falsehood of this statement; but, if it be true, it contains a very high eulogy on the character of the bishop. It, in some measure, covers his other imperfections, and almost makes us forget his apostacy from the cause of ecclesiastical reform which he once espoused, and the persecution of an honest and well-intentioned individual, with whom he was once connected in the pursuit of a revision of the liturgy and the articles.

Our author tells us that

'the private life of the Bishop of London was not less mild and exemplary than his public. He was peculiarly fond of a domestic circle, and was seldom without some friends in his house. The principal of these were Mrs. Kennicot, Mr. Hodgson, Rev. Mr. Omerod, the bishop's grand-nephew. Mr. Porteus, and three or four of his grand-nieces.

'Amongst the constant visitants, and indeed almost house-residents with the bishop, at this period, was that excellent lady Mrs. Hannah More, in whose society next to that of Mrs. Kennicot, Dr. Porteus took his chief delight. No one was, perhaps, more sensible to the pleasures of friendship, and better suited to give them in return, than Dr. Porteus; he had a mildness of temper, domestic habit and benevolence, an easy flow of spirits, and a simplicity and ingenuity of heart, which still more than his learning and his information rendered his conversation delightful. In his episcopal palace he lived and enjoyed himself with the ease and simple elegance of a private gentleman of decent fortune; there was nothing of luxury; nothing which had even the air of excess; nothing, which the servants could construe into a pernicious example. Even his table and house economy were exemplary. He knew that nothing could be indifferent which might be called an example to servants; and considering them as his christian brethren, invested only with a humbler part in the drama of life, he was anxiously careful that their morals should be good, and that he might at least render better those, who, being immediately under his eye, were the more immediate objects of his duty.'

The bishop is said not to have considered his domestic society as complete 'without the presence of Mrs. Hannah More.' About nine pages are then devoted to a sort of biographical notice of this lady. We have next some details respecting the Rev. Mr. Omerod, to whom the

bishop gave the living of Kensington. Then follows an account of the foundation and consecration of the chapel of Ice-hill, in the parish of Sundridge, which was the constant summer residence of the bishop. The erection of this chapel appears to have been the last act of pious liberality which the bishop performed previously to his death. This happened in May, 1809. His remains were interred in the parish of Sundridge, and in the chapel which we have just mentioned.

The bishop appears to have left a considerable property; the largest part of which he divided among his relations in equitable shares; and the remainder in select legacies and charitable donations. All his works, both in print and manuscript, are to be published under the superintendance of the Rev. Mr. Hodgson and the Rev. Mr. Omerod.

Among the peculiarities of the bishop, the writer of this volume mentions one, which is rather discreditable to a man of any intellectual capacity. It is said that this evangelical pastor ‘delighted above measure in a pun; and the more miserable it was the more he enjoyed it.’ If punning deserve a place in the classification of wit, it is wit of the lowest species. But in this lowest species, to ‘be delighted above measure,’ with those individual instances, in which the want of wit is the most apparent, seems to indicate a flimsy and grotesque constitution of mind, not very well suited to the episcopal dignity in particular, nor to that of human nature in general. An habitual and obstinate punster, such as was most likely to have agitated the risible muscles of the bishop, is a willing to whom we must assign the lowest place in the scale of rational society.

We do not object to the bishop’s jocularity; for we think that one of the high distinctions of man is that of a laughing animal. But then we ought to reflect that the risible muscles were designed to act in subserviency to the intellect, and thus to augment the felicity of rational existence. There is a striking difference between the merriment of a wise man, and of a man who is not wise. We do not assert that the late Bishop Porteus was not a wise man; but he certainly was not wise at all times, and particularly when he was delighted with his company in proportion to the deterioration of their wit. We have read of a jocular club in Poland, in which the man who made the most absurd remark was elected their archbishop. Now if it had been the constant practice in this country

to choose an archbishop according to the same rule, perhaps some of the companions of Dr. Porteus might have been appointed to the see of York or Canterbury.

We have selected the few particulars relative to the biography of Bishop Porteus, which are to be found in the present volume, of which no small part is made up of desultory and extraneous ingredients. The author appears to be a pious and well-meaning man; but we cannot think that he merits a place among the judicious writers of lives.

---

ART. V.—*A Letter to Henry Cline, Esq. on Imperfect Developments of the Faculties, Mental and Moral; as well as Constitutional and Organic; and on the Treatment of Impediments of Speech.* By John Thelwall, Esq. Professor of the Science and Practice of Elocution, 8vo. Arch, 1810, price 7s.

MR. THELWALL is well known as having been an object of political persecution and ministerial vengeance. The jury which acquitted Hardy, Tooke, and Thelwall, merit the eternal gratitude of Englishmen. They stifled at its birth an attempt to erect the reign of terror in England, and probably saved the country from seeing acted in its bosom the horrors of La Vendée and of Ireland. Mr. Thelwall was at that time a very young man; and we are inclined to think that his sufferings have cured him of all desire of again stirring in the troubled waters of public strife. For though he escaped with life, his fortunes and his hopes were, for a time, completely ruined. He destined himself, we suppose, for the bar, in which he might, from his talents, have justly aspired to eminence. But probably, like his fellow-sufferer, Mr. Tooke, he found the vestibule of the profession closed against him. For some years, his tongue appears to have been his sole profession; and gradually, the popular effervescence subsiding, and oratory loosing its attractions, he found it necessary to retire, and on the borders of Wales to earn, or attempt to earn, a scanty livelihood by cultivating a little farm. When so occupied, giving up his leisure to his favourite studies, the principles of composition, the bases of the rhythmus, the euphony and the melody of language, the sources of grace and mellifluence.

‘ Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.’

' It was then, Sir,' he says, ' with the pen in my hand, preparing for the execution of a long meditated poetical project; it was, while comparing, and dissecting, the different effects and different principles of versification in those great masters of the epic lyre, our Dryden and our Milton, for the purpose of ascertaining and methodizing the particular rythmus I should myself adopt, in the composition of that meditated work, that I discovered, or thought I discovered, in the anatomical structure of the organs of speech, and in the laws of physical necessity under which those organs act, the efficient sources of the melody of language; and (by retroactive inference) the sources and appropriate remedies of lingual defects. In this structure, and in these laws, I imagined also, that I had discovered, (and I have since been satisfied that I did discover) the causes why certain combinations and successions of sound, that baffle all the discriminations of mere grammatical analysis, and all ascertainment from the *customary* rules of quantity, should produce an agreeable impression, while others, equally undefinable, by the ordinary dogmas of criticism, should be productive of a discordant effect, upon the ear; and why certain modes of effort, in the pronunciation of speech, should give smoothness and facility to the flow of spoken language; while other modes of effort were necessarily productive of dissonance and disgust, and were readily aggravated into absolute hesitation and impediment. From the want of the knowledge of these principles, I believe it is, that so little has been done, with any certainty, towards an effective remedy of the defects of utterance, and, from the same cause, in conjunction with the habits of silent study, and silent composition, to which the literati of modern times (who know their own language only by the eye), are almost universally devoted, perhaps, it is, that so little improvement is made in the harmonic structure of our language. Hence it is, that so many copies of verses, that look smooth and pretty upon paper, are yet revolting to the ear; and so many elaborate compositions, over which the giant scholars of the day have bent with self-complacency, discourage, by their ear-cracking harshness, every attempt of the reader to give them vocal utterance. Hence too, perhaps, we may explain; why the verses of Dryden and Milton will frequently gain so much by the process of vocal utterance, when the reader knows how to deliver them; while those of Pope (especially if they are delivered according to his own principles, as laid down in the essay on criticism), are sure to be equal losers, when submitted to the same experiment.'

A discovery is nothing, if it be not communicated. It was natural, therefore, for Mr. Thelwall whilst exulting in the importance of his presumed discoveries, to wish to impart them to others, to transfuse the glow of satisfaction which swelled his own bosom into kindred breasts, and

convert his knowledge and his powers to their most legitimate objects, the improvement of others, and the bettering of his own condition. A friend of the quaker profession, told him in the characteristic language of his society.—‘Thou must give lectures on elocution. It will put money in thy pocket, and make thee comfortable again.’ He resolved to follow his friend’s good advice; and the terms in which he announces the having formed this resolution, sufficiently testify the elation of his heart at the prospect of brighter days, which was opening upon him.

‘A principle was discovered, capable of the most extensive application, and its practical consequences were, in part, demonstrated, but the mind was not collected enough to estimate its new treasure, and had not energy to make use of it, either for personal advantage, or for the benefit of others. But sufferance was at length exhausted; and weary of solitude and barbarism, and disgusted with a sordid and profitless occupation, I resolved, once again, to exchange the field of Ceres, for the garden of the Muses. Then it was, that issuing forth from my retreat, resolved to confront the prejudices of the world, to see and to be seen again, in my proper character, and assert my title to the exercise and the enjoyment of my intellectual utilities. Then it was, that my eyes began to open to a sense of the importance of that connection I had discovered, between physiological and elocutionary science.’

We heartily congratulate Mr. Thelwall on having plucked up his spirits, and having by his perseverance, industry, and talents, risen to his proper station in life. We wish him an increase of reputation, and an ample remuneration for his efforts to be useful. The profession in which he has embarked, is in some of its departments analogous to that of the professed rhetoricians of old times, who taught at Athens the young patricians of Rome, who were ambitious to shine in eloquence, and by the display of their powers at the praetorian tribunes, in the popular assemblies, or in the senate, to prove themselves worthy of filling the first offices in the republic. But whatever be the merits of our modern rhetoricians, they must not expect the remuneration which was awarded to the ancient. These were magnificent in the extreme. In our days, the men who devote their studies to the solid improvement of the heart, the talents, or the understanding, can hardly earn the wages of a common mechanic. We think that Mr. Thelwall’s success will be eminent indeed, if he receives for his hour’s attendance the fee of a fashionable dancing master.

But whilst we acknowledge our author's merit in having struggled and successfully struggled against the power of oppression and the bigotry of prejudice, we must confess that when he talks of his *discoveries*, we are completely at a loss to comprehend him. We have followed him page after page, with an awakened curiosity, and an attention on stretch, and we have not been able to detect the slightest vestige of a discovery.

‘He has detected,’ he tells us, ‘those elementary principles, out of which arise the facility and harmony of oral utterance: principles! from the neglect, the violation, or the ignorance of which result almost all the complicated varieties of difficulty, obstruction and imperfection in the exercise of that faculty.’

What can we understand by this, but that he has paid great attention to the physiology, if we may so term it, of elocution; and that having studied the play of the organs with the precision of an anatomist, he can detect the errors of action which produce the errors of effect; he is thereby enabled to apply the apt remedy to the individual cases of defective elocution which occur in real life? This may indeed be very useful, and his directions may be extremely judicious; but we must ask again where is the discovery?

Mr. Thelwall's first subjects were the two sons of a hatter in Brecknock, whose speech consisted, he says,

‘in a sort of hideous obscurity of elementary sound.’ ‘The whole chaos of their speech consisted in the absolute deficiency of one elementary sound, and the imperfection and confused misapplication of two or three more.’

Mr. Thelwall very judiciously displayed to them the positions and actions of the organs by which the imperfect elements were to be formed; using a degree of buffoonery and grimace, in order the more forcibly to impress the rude imaginations of the young mountaineers. As a practice of the lesson he had given them, he made them recite a sentence in which these elements were assembled and reiterated. He made them repeat them again and again till the imitation was tolerably perfect; and enjoined them to remember it and repeat it to each other. He proceeds to tell us,

‘This was the only lesson I ever gave to these my first pupils. It was the only one they wanted; for they remembered my injunction. The ridiculous rumble of the passage pleased them. It became their constant may-game, and upstairs and down, through the street, or across the fields, it was eternally shouted

forth. The next time I went from my farm to my market-town, I found these boys, "whose mouths were not formed like other people's," speaking nevertheless, as intelligibly, as any of the half Welchified, half anglicised people of that part of the country.'

This being our author's own statement of his own processes, we must declare ourselves well satisfied that Mr. Thelwall has directed his talents to purposes of real utility, nor can we doubt that he is extremely well qualified for the task he has undertaken. Defective utterance is often caused by perverse and inveterate habits, depraved imitation or example, or defective instruction at the period of life, when the organs are most flexible, and the powers of imitation most prompt and energetic. Much may certainly be done to conquer depravities of elocution when dependent on causes such as these; and may probably be best done by him who has profoundly studied the principles of the art. As the dancing master imparts grace of motion, or the drill serjeant converts the awkward and shambling gait of the rustic into the firm and manly step of the soldier, so the master of elocution may give grace, fluency, and euphony to the uncouth voice and the hesitating tongue. So much we are willing to concede to the claims of Mr. Thelwall; but further we cannot go; if he demands more, we feel obliged to set down his pretensions to the score of vanity or of self-delusion.

We must say that the tale which Mr. T. has told of his Brecknock pupils, and some others in the book, seem to us to possess a little of the marvellous. Such rapidity of success is not entirely in the course of nature; and we should suspect that our professor would not find it convenient to make such rapid cures at the *College* in Bedford-place. The story too, would have been much more instructive if our professor had informed us what was the precise sound in which these boys were defective, what those which they had misapplied, and what was that most apt and lucky passage which contained the sentence in which these elements were assembled and reiterated, and whose ridiculous rumble so much struck the imagination of his rude and rustic pupils. The doctrine of chances, we fear, is much against the existence, in the whole compass of the English language, of a sentence, a single sentence, in which *three or four* elements of sound are assembled and reiterated. Had he favoured us with the identical passage, we should have been gratified at once

both by being made acquainted with a sentence of such curious construction, and by admiring the consummate and wonderful skill of the professor, in adapting his means to his end.

But it sometimes most perversely happens that the same story told by different persons, is of an aspect so different, that it is hard to recognise its identity; and the marvellous of the one is reduced to the level of plain vulgar matter of fact in the other. But Mr. Thelwall's pages present us with a still more curious phenomenon; for we are much mistaken if we do not meet with the very same tale at page 212, told by the very same pen, that of the professor himself, but so strangely metamorphosed that we should almost suppose it had been wilfully intended to cast a ridicule upon the former pompous description of Mr. Thelwall's first elocutionary achievement. If our author condescends to cast an eye over our humble pages, we beseech of him to correct our error, if the following paragraph is not another edition of the tale we have presented to our readers.

“ While I was cultivating my little farm in Wales, before I ever thought of taking up my present profession, an instance of this presented itself to my observance, which made a deep impression on my mind. *Three* children (as Falstaff says—“ These four came all affront, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target,” but) three children of Mr. Griffiths, a hatter, in Brecknock had contracted such a habit of coiling up the tongue, as rendered their speech almost unintelligible. Their parents had, accordingly, conceived that the boys had a natural impediment; or, as they expressed it, “ that their mouths were not made like other people's mouths.” From this impression, it is probable that the lads would have been permitted to grow up in the habit of negligent utterance, till it had ripened into inveterate impediment, if the accident of my going into the shop to furnish myself with an article I wanted, had not brought me acquainted with the circumstance. Half an hour's attention, however, and the imposition of a very acceptable task (the reiterated pronunciation of a short, ridiculous sentence) enabled me to put them into a train of as intelligible utterance as any of the people by whom they were surrounded.”

Mr. Thelwall passed, it seems, among his Welch neighbours, for a bit of a conjuror; and when a man has once enjoyed the pleasure of making his neighbours stare, it is a feeling he does not willingly renounce. But every thing has

its proper place. London is not Brecknockshire; and he that would pass for a conjuror in the metropolis, will most probably contrive to be set down for a mountebank.

We must do Mr. Thelwall, however, the justice to say, that he has furnished in the volume before us a very agreeable melange on subjects more or less intimately connected with his professional pursuits. These are too various for us to attempt either to follow him, or analyze his disquisitions. We have been, upon the whole, entertained *with* him; and also from beginning to end were much amused *at* him. He is, throughout, a man of so much importance; he is so anxious to tell us where he has been, and what he has been doing, and what he has been thinking, that he certainly conceives the eyes of all the world to be turned upon himself and his projects. And certainly he must possess more skill in curing impediments of speech than any one who has before attempted it. For this opinion, we have the best possible of reasons: *he tells us so himself.* It is an excellent piece of advice, always to speak well of yourself. Your character will spread abroad. All the world will be informed that you are a very clever man; and, one half of them will at the same time be ignorant from whence the report originated.

We repeat however that we heartily wish our professor good luck. It is a pleasing spectacle, and for the honour of our country, to see oppression foiled in its attempts to crush an individual, who possesses no small share of real merit. It is pleasing to see the oppressed stem the torrent of prejudice fostered by power, and by the inherent elasticity of his mind rise from the gulf in which he had been precipitated to a sphere of utility, and to prospects of independence.

We cannot compliment Mr. Thelwall upon the style of his composition. His dress is vastly too fine and gaudy. Good taste rejects all exuberance of ornament. We have sometimes found ourselves obliged to strain our faculties in order to comprehend his meaning. He should know that to be unintelligible is not to be profound. His eternal pauses are very unpleasing. He seems to be perpetually lecturing; and to apprehend that his reader knows neither how to speak nor how to read. For example:

‘I have since found—that if I had been in town,’ &c. ‘The mere English student, might, perhaps, expect—that it was addressed,’ &c. ‘I understand you to have pronounced—that it

was a case,' &c. 'I had boldly promulgated the opinion—that wherever hearing and intellect existed,' &c.

Really, Mr. Thelwall, we are vain enough to think that we possess intellectual and *eloquence* powers sufficient both to understand and to read such sentences as these, without the aid of the kind helps which you so benevolently administer to the feebleness of our capacities.

---

ART. VI.—*Poems by Miss Holford, Author of Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk.* London, Longman, 1811. 8vo. pp. 118.

NO judicious friend of Miss Holford's could have recommended the present publication, which, so far from adding to the reputation she has, in our opinion justly acquired, will, we are apprehensive, have a direct contrary, tendency, inducing her warmest admirers to doubt whether so much tame mediocrity is consistent with the true poetical genius for which they had before given her credit.

In this collection there are two short tales written on the model of Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, but by no means worthy of being extended beyond the limits of a private Christmas circle. The rest of the pieces come under the denomination of 'Poems on several occasions,' and are constructed to pass very well in a crowd, without attracting attention either by their beauty or their deformity. The following has, we think, the best pretensions of any, in point both of expression and sentiment:

'Tis but a dull, ungrateful saying,  
That life and joy are still decaying,  
That is all is spent in vision-weaving,  
A strife of trusting and deceiving;  
That time but mocks us as he flies,  
Vexes our hearts and cheats our eyes.  
Oh! as we mock the hour-glass waning,  
How vain, how fruitless our complaining;  
Time, o'er my head thy wing has past  
With swift, unseen, unconscious haste,  
I feel already on my brow.  
Life's warm, yet temperate noon-day glow;  
And shall I heave the ungrateful sigh  
That morn has faded from my sky,

Call life a day-dream of deceit,  
A scene of toys, a painted cheat,  
Which smiles, and promises, and flies,  
Because pert fancy told me lies ;  
Or with suspicion's scowling eye  
Look onward thro' futurity ?  
Time, like ourselves, in limits bound,  
Enforced runs the allotted round,  
And we poor silly wayward elves,  
Are dupes indeed, but to ourselves ;  
Then, farewell hours, and days, and years,  
Embalm'd in memory's grateful tears,  
Lov'd for the joys ye led along,  
And pardon'd now, each vanish'd wrong ?  
How many a fragile child of rhyme  
Has mock'd thee on thy passage, Time,  
Or tried to coax thee on thy way,  
Spell-bind thy wing, and win thy stay !  
I call thee, but to pay thee, Time,  
The tribute of one child of rhyme,  
Who thanks thee, that thy wing has shed  
So many blessings on her head ;  
Who thanks thee, for the wreathing bough  
Whose verdant leaves entwine her brow ;  
For that best prize to mortals given,  
Which lends our world a gleam from heaven.  
Friendship ! while life owns such a guest,  
Is time a cheat, a dream, a jest ?  
No ! Time when I have done with thee,  
That gift shall gild eternity !

ART. VII.—*Black's Life of Tasso.*

(Concluded.)

THE causes of Tasso's confinement by the Duke of Ferrara have been the subject of much dispute. It has been generally ascribed to the passion of the poet for Leonora. This has been warmly supported by those who are more disposed to credit romantic incidents than to listen to the plain matters of fact by which they are disproved. There appears to us to be no indication of a passion for Leonora, in the writings of Tasso, on which any dependance can be placed. He speaks of her in the same language of exaggerated eulogy, with which he mentions her sister and other women ; and which he would have applied to his nurse or his washer-woman,

if it had been the courtesy of the times. His biographer Manso, the Marquis of Villa, whose opinion has been transmitted as a legacy to so many succeeding writers, did not become acquainted with Tasso till after his derangement, when all his assertions respecting himself or others were to be received with great distrust. Nor does it appear that Tasso himself knew the real cause of his imprisonment; for, according to the humour of the moment, or the state of his mind, he ascribed it first to one cause and then to a different; or, as Muratori says, ‘A misura de’ suoi deliri egli si andava figurando, che ora da questa, ora da quella parte fosse a lui provenuta una siffiera tempesta.’

When Tasso was first confined in 1579, Leonora was in her forty-second year. Is this the age of ‘all for love,’ or of impassioned indiscretion? Leonora indeed appears, instead of a volatile and silly girl, to have been a staid matron of great virtue and prudence. She admired, as who could not but admire, the genius of Tasso; and she rejoiced, as what female would not have rejoiced to have her praises sung in verses, which were so likely to live? But beyond the intercourse of civility, and of compliment, of liberal patronage and of unstinted praise, there does not appear to have been any intercourse of a more tender kind between the princess and the bard. And this species of intercourse, which was free and unrestrained, and subject to the cognizance of the duke, and the whole city of Ferrara, had subsisted for ten years previously to his confinement. His amorous passion, therefore, for Leonora, if such he ever felt, of which there is nothing like a satisfactory indication, had sufficient time to subside into a more tranquil sentiment.

If we suppose that Tasso had incurred the resentment of Alphonso by his ambitious pretensions to the hand or the heart of his sister, why did he not confine him till Leonora was passed far beyond the bloom of youth, when she was in fact in the wane of her health, and almost at the close of her days? And why should he have detained him in prison for several years after the death of the princess? The whole account of the loves of Tasso and Leonora appears to be one of those fictions, which, though totally destitute of truth, men are very eager to adopt, and very unwilling to relinquish.

Previously to the exhibition of any clear symptoms of mental alienation, Tasso had expressed a desire to leave Ferrara; and he appears to have given offence to the

duke by soliciting the patronage of some of the family of Medici, who were the rivals of the house of Este. Our poet, at the same time, in moments of exasperated feeling to which he was very subject, and often without much reason, appears to have had an unfortunate propensity to give vent to his wrath in no very measured nor decorous terms. The Ferrarese courtiers, who were jealous of the reputation of Tasso, and of the favour which he enjoyed with the family of Este, would, no doubt, be very ready to convey to the ears of the duke any reproaches or sarcasms against his highness which the unwary poet might utter in the tempest of his ire. But notwithstanding the unfounded complaints and reproaches of Tasso, Alphonso does not appear to have treated him with harshness or with cruelty. If he experienced any rigor in the hospital of St. Anne, during his long confinement in that place, it must be ascribed more to the medical practice of the times in cases of insanity, than to any intentional cruelty on the part of Alphonso. When Tasso returned to Ferrara in February, 1579, his conduct was so outrageous, and shewed such confirmed symptoms of delirium or madness, that both prudence and humanity required that he should be no longer left at large.

The following extract from a letter of Tasso to Maurice Cataneo, in October, 1581, gives a lively representation of the disordered state of his judgment and perceptions. He says that the disturbances which he receives in writing are of two sorts,

' human and diabolical. The human are laughter full of derision, and shouts of men and youths, but especially of women; and various cries of animals, which are harassed by men to disquiet me; and noises of things inanimate, which are moved by the hands of men. The diabolical are enchantments and witchcraft; but of the enchantments I am not certain, as the rats, of which the chamber is full, and which seem to me possessed of the devil, may naturally occasion the noise they do, and not merely by diabolical art. Some other sounds also, which I hear, may be referred, as to their origin, to human artifice. But, whatever may be thought of the enchantments, I hold it to be certain that I have been bewitched, and that the operations of the witchcraft are very powerful. For, whenever I take a book to study, or a pen to write, I hear the sound of voices in my ear, in which I can, as it were, distinguish the names of Pavolo, of Giacomo, of Girolamo, of Francesco, of Fulvio, and others, who, perhaps, are malignant persons, and envious of my quiet. And if they be not such, they would act

courteously if they would endeavour to remove the bad opinion of them which I have conceived on account of their evil arts.'

In 1583 the poet sent the following account of his malady in a letter to Jerome Mercuriale, medical professor at Padua :

" It is some years," says he, " most illustrious Sir ! that I have been infirm of a disease, of which I know not the cause ; however, I hold it very certain that I have been bewitched. But whatever may have been the cause of my distemper, the following are the effects : a gnawing of the intestines, with something of a dysentery ; tinklings in my ears and head, so strong sometimes as if a clock were included in it. Besides, the continual phantasy of various things, and all of them disagreeable, disturbs me in such a manner, that I cannot, even for the space of four minutes, apply my mind to study. Indeed, the more intent I wish to be, the more I am distracted by various imaginations, and sometimes by violent passions, which are suddenly kindled in me, according to the nature of the phantasies which spring up in me. Besides, always after eating, my head fumes beyond measure, and is heated prodigiously ; and in every noise I hear, my fancy imagines some human voice, so that even things inanimate appear to speak. At night I am disturbed by various dreams ; and sometimes my imagination so carries me away, that I seem to have heard (if I may not rather say I have heard), certain things, which I have conferred with father Marco, a capuchin, the bearer of this letter, and with other fathers and laity, with whom I have discoursed of my distemper."

This medical sage advised the poet to have 'a cautery in his leg, to abstain entirely from wine, and to drink only broth,' with none of which directions he seemed very willing to comply. In 1584 Tasso experienced some relaxation in the rigor of his confinement. ' He was allowed to visit different churches and monasteries, and at times it would seem to be of the parties of several people of quality.' At the period of the carnival in this year his friends conducted him to see the masquerades, a species of amusement to which he is said to have been always attached. ' He still saw with pleasure the jests and tournaments, where throngs of knights and barons appeared in all the splendour of Gothic pomp and pageantry.'

But what principally served to occupy and to amuse the mind of Tasso, in the more lucid intervals of his confinement, was the composition of dialogues in prose, in several of which he has celebrated the memory of the persons,

with whom he associated or the favours which he received. In 1585 he composed a discourse in favour of matrimony, one fine passage in which has been closely imitated by Milton, in his *Paradise lost*.

‘ Hail, wedded love ! &c. &c.

Tasso says,

‘ Oh, sweet conjunction of hearts ! Oh, blissful union of souls ! Oh, legitimate tie, and chastest yoke ; which, instead of being burdensome, it is ravishing to bear ! By thee the race of man was first collected within one city, wall, and roof, which, like the bestial herd, was wont to rage in wood and field. By thee the dismal cave was changed to the elegant chamber, and the frigid mountain to the stately palace. By thee what pleased was rendered lawful, and holy that which was desired. Thou didst impose a sweet law to human pleasures, a laudable chain to tumultuous appetite ; by thee what was common, was appropriated ; what was universal, became peculiar ; and what was worthless, of highest value. By thee was joined honour with delight, and chastity with love ; and faith, and purity, and all the virtues, descended upon earth. By thee was converted bitterness into the sweetness of love. By thee were known relationship—and the charities of father, and of son.’

In 1586 we find Tasso greatly troubled by a sprite, or ‘ folletto,’ as he calls it, but which appears from the circumstances of the case to have been usually only a demon in human form. Tasso writes thus in a letter to his friend Cataneo :

‘ To-day, which is the last but one of the year, the brother of the reverend Licino brought me your two letters, but one of them disappeared as soon as I had read it, and I believe that the folletto has carried it off, because it was that in which he was spoken of. This is one of those wonders which I have frequently seen in the hospital. Hence I am certain that they are the operations of some magician, of which indeed, I have many proofs, but especially from a loaf taken visibly from before my eyes, an hour before sun-set, and a plate of fruit, which vanished one day when I was visited by that Polish youth, who deserves such admiration. The same thing has happened with other provisions, at a time, too, when nobody entered my prison. I might mention a pair of gloves, letters, books taken from locked chests, and found in the morning on the floor. Some others, indeed, I have not found, nor do I know what has become of them ; but as to those which go missing when I am absent, these may have been taken from me by men, who I verily believe have the keys of all my trunks.

Thus you see that I cannot defend any thing from my enemies, nor from the devil, except my will, with which I shall never consent to learn any thing from him, or from his followers, or indeed to have any familiarity with himself, or his magicians.'

In another place he speaks thus of the same folletto, or sprite :

' The little thief has stolen from me many crowns, I know not what number, for I do not, like misers, keep an account of them, but, perhaps, they may amount to twenty. He puts all my books topsy-turvy, opens my chests, and steals my keys, so that I can keep nothing. I am unhappy at all times, but especially during the night, nor do I know if my disease be frenzy, or what is its nature. I find no better remedy than living fully, and satisfying my appetite, that I may sleep profoundly. [As to food, indeed, by the grace of God, I can eat abundantly, for the object of the magician seems not to have been to impede my digestion, but my contemplation ;] often, however, I fast, not from motives of devotion, but because my stomach is full; but at such times I cannot sleep. Look upon me with compassion, and know that I am unhappy, because the world is unjust.'

The following are other symptoms which the poet mentions of his unfortunate malady, and which strongly depict the disordered state of his mental constitution :

' Even when awake,' says he, ' I have seemed to behold small flames in the air, and sometimes my eyes sparkle in such a manner, that I dread the loss of sight, and I have visibly seen sparks issue from them. I have seen also, in the middle of the tent-bed, shades of rats, which, by natural reason, could not be there : I have heard frightful noises ! and often in my ears are the sounds of hissing, tingling, ringing of bells, and sounds like that of a clock. Often there is a beating for an hour; and sometimes, in my sleep, it seems as if a horse threw himself upon me, and I have afterwards found myself languid and fatigued. I have dreaded the falling-sickness, apoplexy, and blindness ; I have had headaches, but not excessive ; pains, but not very violent, of the intestines, the side, the thighs, and legs : I have been weakened by vomiting, dysentery, and fever. Amidst so many terrors and pains, there appeared to me, in the air, the image of the glorious Virgin, with her son in her arms, spher'd in a circle of coloured vapours, so that I ought by no means to despair of her grace. And though this might easily be a phantasy, because I am frenetic, disturbed by various phantasmas, and full of infinite melancholy ; nevertheless, by the grace of God, I can sometimes *cohibere assensum*, (withhold my assent,) which, as Cicero remarks, being the operation of a

sound mind, I am inclined to believe it was a miracle of the virgin.'

In July, 1586, Tasso was again restored to liberty, after a confinement of seven years, two months, and several days. His liberation seems to have been principally owing to the intercession of Don Vincenzo Gonzaga, Prince of Mantua. In the same month, Tasso left Ferrara in company with his generous protector. The old Duke of Mantua

'was pleased that his son should thus take under his protection a man so unfortunate and so illustrious, and gave orders that apartments should be provided for our poet in the palace, and that he should be furnished with every convenience which might render his situation comfortable. The prince made him be cloathed as became his worth and dignity; "and I find," says Serassi, "that, amongst other things, he presented him with a most beautiful doublet, and a pair of perfumed silken hose." Of the satisfaction of Tasso at this period, we have proof from several of his letters. "I am in Mantua (says he, writing to Licino), lodged by the most serene prince, and waited on by his servants, as I myself could desire; and in all respects am caressed, as pleases his highness. Here I find good meat, good fruits, excellent bread, wines sharp and brisk, such as my father delighted in; admirable fish and game, and especially good air; but, perhaps, that of Bergamo is better." "I will stay (says he in another letter) at Mantua, because my chamber is most beautiful, and the prince most courteous, so that I hope to enjoy myself all this summer, and winter likewise." At this court too, he found an agreeable society of literary gentlemen, and his hope of health was revived by his confidence in the skill of the physician Cavallara, who gave him some pills for the purpose of restoring his memory. This gentleman seems to have been a physician according to Tasso's taste, as he dealt in agreeable confectionary medicines; and a letter is extant among the works of the bard, dated at St. Annes, in which he gives him great thanks for a jar of very delicate candied citrons.'

In the distempered intellectual system of Tasso, when the sensation of novelty had subsided, that of disgust seems to have ensued. He soon, according to custom, became tired of his residence at Mantua; and he began to complain of slights and neglects, which had no existence but in his own feverish brain.

In 1587, Tasso obtained permission to visit his relations at Bergamo. Soon after his arrival, he was conducted to a beautiful villa called Zanga, in the vicinity of the city, which still belongs to the family of Tasso. In this de-

lightful spot, amidst groves and gardens, the poet revised his tragedy of *Torrismondo*, and might have enjoyed a period of felicity and repose. But, who can minister to a mind diseased? He soon abandoned, with the feeling of irritable discontent, the place which he had visited with so much ardour of hope.

After several local transitions, and amongst others, a pious pilgrimage to the shrine of Loretto, we find our bard at Rome on the fourth of November, 1587. He was kindly received at the palace of the patriarch Gonzaga. His spirits, according to his characteristic temperament, became elevated and his expectations sanguine. But, on the 22d of the month, in which he reached the imperial city, he writes,

‘ I am in Rome, where, to my incredible displeasure, I see the destruction of all the hopes I had conceived. I am afflicted, or rather in despair; especially as I see the necessity of again becoming a courtier, of which I abhor even the name, to say nothing of the employment. But rather than that, I will retire into some wilderness; so much I am tired of courts, and of the world.’

In January, 1588, Tasso, at the suggestion of his friend, Constantini, wrote a poem in praise of the virtues of Pope Sixtus V. in return for which he appears to have expected the present of an abbey, but which he never received. Full of chagrin and regret, the self-tormented sufferer retired to Naples, where he was lodged for some time in the monastery of Mount Olivet. The good fathers of the place appear to have treated him with courteous hospitality; but, in return, they requested him to write a poem on the origin of their holy fraternity. The poet did not refuse to comply with this wish; but the work itself, ‘ *Il monte Oliveto*,’ was left unfinished.

While Tasso was a resident in the monastery, he was visited by several persons of distinction, and, among others, by John Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, and the future biographer of the poet. This young nobleman seems almost to have idolized the genius of Tasso; nor was his admiration confirmed to barren homage or empty praise. Tasso experienced many more solid proofs of his regard.

Manso invited Tasso to accompany him to his residence at Bisaccio. Here he remained all October, and part of November, 1588. Manso thus writes of his guest,

‘ The Signior Torquato is become a very mighty hunter; and triumphs over all the asperity of the season, and of the country.

When the days are bad, we spend them, and the long hours of evening, in hearing music and songs; for one of his principal enjoyments is to listen to the *Improvvisatori*, whose facility of versifying he envies; nature having, as he says, been to him in this point very avaricious. Sometimes, too, we dance with the girls here, a thing which likewise affords him much pleasure; but chiefly we sit conversing by the fire, and often we have fallen into discourse of that Spirit, which, he says, appears to him. Indeed he has talked to me of it in such a way, that I know not well what to say, or what to believe; but only that I suspect that his frenzy will prove contagious.'

As Manso argued with Tasso against the existence of the sprite, by which he imagined that he was visited, the poet one day said to him,

' Since I cannot persuade you by reasoning, I shall convince you by experience; I shall cause you with your very eyes to see that Spirit, the existence of which my words cannot influence you to believe.' I accepted the proffer, and the following day, as we were sitting by ourselves together by the fire, he turned his eyes towards a window, and held them a long time so intensely fixed on it, that, when I called him, he did not answer. At last, ' Lo!' said he, ' the friendly Spirit which has courteously come to talk with me, lift up your eyes and you shall see the truth.' I turned my eyes thither immediately; but, though I endeavoured to look as keenly as I could, I beheld nothing but the rays of the sun, which streamed through the panes of the window into the chamber. And whilst I still looked around without beholding any object, Torquato began to hold, with this unknown something, a most lofty converse. I heard, indeed, and saw nothing but himself; nevertheless his words, at one time questioning, at another replying, were such as take place between those who reason strictly on some important subject. And from what is said by the one, the replies of the other may easily be comprehended by the intellect, although they be not heard by the ear. The discourses were so lofty and marvellous, both by the sublimity of their topics, and a certain unwonted manner of talking, that, exalted above myself into a kind of ecstasy, I did not dare to interrupt them, nor ask Torquato about the Spirit, which he had announced to me, but which I did not see.'

We shall not accompany our loco-motive poet in his further wanderings. Suffice it to say, that he was again at Rome in December, 1588; that in the following year we find him full of infirmities, constrained to seek an asylum, like a mendicant, in an hospital of that city; that in 1590 he was entertained with great respect and cordiality at Florence; that, with his habitual fastidiousness, he soon

became weary even of the respectful Florentines; that he returned to Rome in 1591; was again at Naples in 1592; in the same year again in Rome, where his 'Gerusalemme Conquistata,' was published in 1593, and dedicated to Cardinal Cynthio. Tasso, with an obliquity of judgment, similar to that of Milton with respect to his *Paradise Regained*, preferred this poem to his *Jerusalem Delivered*.

Tasso resided more than four months at Naples in 1594, during which time he experienced the unintermitting kindness of the Marquis of Manso, when he was invited to Rome by Cardinal Cynthio, in order that he might be crowned with laurel in the capitol. This favour the Pope, Clement VIII. had conceded to the request of his nephew. Tasso, who was now approaching the bourn whence no traveller returns, and who appears to have been fully sensible of his own decay, would probably have gladly declined this empty ceremony. But urged, as we are told, 'by his friends, and not willing to seem ungrateful to his patron, the cardinal, he wrote to this ecclesiastic, informing him that he would be in Rome at the beginning of November.' When he reached this city, the ceremony of his poetical coronation was deferred till the ensuing spring, that it might be rendered more 'pompous and pleasing.' But, on the approach of the spring, the infirmities of the poet had so much increased, that it became evident he had but a short time to live. He requested permission to retire into the monastery of St. Onofrio, that he might prepare for his departure. The following is a letter which he wrote at this period to his beloved friend, Constantini, which, while it shows him still feelingly alive to the wrongs he supposed that he had experienced, breathes an air of philosophic tranquillity and Christian resignation.

'What,' says he, 'will my Antonio say, when he shall hear of the death of his Tasso; and, in my opinion, the tidings shall not be tardy. The close of life is fast approaching; no remedy can be found to assuage this new distemper which has joined my others; so that, as by a rapid torrent, I am borne away, without any thing to cling to, or oppose its speed. It avails not now to speak of my relentless fortune, nor to complain of the ingratitude of the world, which has gained the victory of conducting me indigent to the tomb, while I fondly hoped, that the glory which (whatever it may think), this age shall derive from my writings, would not leave me without reward. I have caused myself to be conducted into this monastery of Sant' Onofrio, not only because the air of it is praised by the physicians as better

than any in Rome, but also that I may begin at this exalted place, and with the intercourse of these devout fathers, my conversation in heaven. Pray to God for me, and be assured, that as I have always loved and honoured you in the present, so in that more real life which is to come, I shall do every thing with regard to you, which appertains to the most unfeigned and perfect charity. And so to the divine grace I recommend both you and myself. From Rome, in Sant' Onofrio.'

When Cesalpini, the physician of the pope, and an old acquaintance of Tasso, informed him that all hopes of his recovery had vanished, and that his last hour was drawing nigh, he received the admonition, not only without alarm but with complacent serenity.

He confessed with great contrition, and, on the morning following, entreated to be carried to the chapel below, for the purpose of receiving the Holy Sacrament. Being lifted back to bed, in the arms of the fathers, he was asked by the prior where he wished to be interred. He replied, in the church of the convent, if they would do that honour to his ashes. Being requested to make a will, and to dictate something as an epitaph, he smiled and said, that as to the first, he had very little to leave, and as to the second, a plain stone would be sufficient to cover him. Turning, however, to Gabriel Toritti, his confessor, he entreated him to mark down, that he left the Cardinal Cynthio heir of his writings, and of his little property. To Manso he bequeathed his portrait, which had been painted by the direction of that nobleman; and to the monastery of S. Onofrio, where he then was, and in which he was to be interred, a metal crucifix of singular workmanship, which had been given him by the pope, with many indulgences. During other seven days, and till the fourteenth of his distemper, Tasso lay principally contemplating the crucifix, and engaged in prayer; so abstracted from human, and so intent upon divine objects, that his visitors, who were many, and of the highest quality, were edified, while they were afflicted. His father confessor, who had an opportunity of being acquainted as well with his past conduct as with his present sentiments, testified to some friends, after the death of the poet, that, for many of the latter years of his life, he had been free from the taint of any mortal sin. On the fourteenth day of his distemper, and the last but one of his life, Tasso, perceiving that his departure was at hand, wished to be again strengthened by the blessed sacrament; and, as from his weakness he was unable to lift himself from his bed, it was brought to his chamber by the prior. Seeing its approach, he exclaimed with a loud voice, *Expectans expectavi Dominum*, and received it with such sentiments of devotion and humility, as affected every beholder. Finally, he requested extreme unction; and thus, being fortified

with all the ceremonies prescribed by his religion, he expected his last summons with resignation and with hope.

Meanwhile the Cardinal Cynthio, hearing from the physicians that his friend was at the last extremity, hastened to the Pontiff for the papal benediction. Clement, as we are told in a letter of Cataneo, "groaned and sighed over the fate of such a man, and granted him a plenary indulgence in remission of his sins." This honour, which is granted only to persons of high consideration, was announced by the cardinal himself to Tasso, who received it with gratitude and humility, saying 'that this was the chariot upon which he hoped to go crowned, not with laurel as a poet into the capitol, but with glory as a saint to heaven.' There, he added, he would, in return for so many benefits, offer his prayers for his Holiness and for the cardinal. Being asked if he had any other request to make, or any injunction to command, he entreated that the cardinal would collect, if possible, all the copies of his works, (and especially of his *Jerusalem Delivered*, the most imperfect of them all), and would commit them to the flames. He knew, he said, that the copies were many, and far diffused, that the task might be difficult, but was not impossible.'

Tasso having repeated this last request with considerable earnestness,

'the cardinal, unwilling to embitter his last moments by a direct refusal, gave him such an answer, as led him to think his desire would be complied with. The poet then added, that having, from the benignity of the pope, and Cynthio's kindness, obtained all that he could now wish for in this world, he entreated, that, during the short period of life which still remained, he might be left alone with the crucifix, and with one or two of the fathers to assist him in his devotions. This was done; the cardinal, who could scarcely refrain his tears, took an affectionate farewell, and, on coming from the chamber, wept bitterly. Nobody was afterwards admitted to Tasso, but his confessor, and a few of the fathers most distinguished for learning and piety. These by turns sung psalms, in which they were occasionally joined by Tasso; and, when his spirit failed, he ceased not to contemplate the image of his Redeemer. Thus the night passed away, and at the eleventh hour of the day following, (which was the twenty-fifth of April, 1595), feeling the approach of the agony, he closely embraced the crucifix, and uttered these words, *In manus tuas Domine*.—Unable to finish the sentence, he in a few moments expired.'

Tasso had lived fifty one years, one month, and four days.

'The body of the poet was habited in a magnificent toga, and

his head crowned with laurel. His remains were then borne by the light of torches through the city with great pomp, and a very splendid attendance. Every one hastened to enjoy the last sight of the countenance of a man who had done so much honour to his age. The painters crowded round to contemplate his lineaments, and afterwards rivalled each other in the number of portraits which they exposed. The body was then carried back to the monastery, and the evening of that day on which its spirit had departed, was interred with the usual obsequies, in the church of Sant' Onofrio.'

In this, and a former article, we have comprised all the principal events of the life of Tasso, which are to be found in the two quarto volumes of the present work. It now remains to say something of the merits of Mr. Black as a biographer. He appears to have used a very laudable degree of diligence in collecting information from the best and most authentic sources. But, while we applaud his industry, we cannot praise his taste or discrimination in selecting or distributing the materials which he has amassed. His narrative is too desultory; and the incidents of the biography are often kept too far apart by superfluous discussions and common-place remarks. If Mr. Black had condensed his matter into a much shorter compass, it would have appeared to more advantage; and his book would have been read with double interest. In the perusal of the work, we noticed several unpleasant Scotticisms, several deviations from the genuine English idiom, some colloquial vulgarisms and some words used in an uncouth or unauthorized sense, with specimens of indelicacy or affectation. We have not space to record more than a few instances. 'He departed from Paris in the end of December, 1553, and arrived at Rome in the beginning of February, *thereafter.*' Vol. 1. p. 30. 'The affairs of Bernardo went on *indifferently well* at Madrid.' P. 59. 'He *changed* to a situation.' P. 60. 'Expresses his aversion and disgust of this art.' P. 62, note. 'The fine etherial blossom, the *Mimosa delicacy* of *moral sentiment.*' P. 95. 'Nature has adapted ends to means.' P. 95. Why not means to ends? Who would have had recourse in a serious work to such imagery as the following? 'Whoever endeavours to *overstride us*, may expect on our part a malignant curiosity, and that *parts of his character will be disclosed*, which otherwise might perhaps have been concealed.' P. 115. 'He might converse with some of his friends and *would*, (or could) 'visit his tomb.' P. 138. 'The Muses, *like other young ladies.*' P. 140. 'The lightnings of the Angel

smile which was wont to form a paradise on earth.' Vol. 2. p. 2. 'The *agnition* of Ulysses at the court of Alcinous.' P. 43. 'The sensibility that appears in his works, seems not to be such as could be felt only by a *supplied* voluptuary.' P. 350. 'Exposed him to many hardships and to some humiliating *descents*.' P. 351. We have mentioned Mr. Black's propensity to deal in common-places, which are sometimes so common as to remind us of a schoolboy's theme. Thus we are sagely told, that 'Contentment is a sentiment extremely valuable to its possessor.' Vol. 1. p. 154.

If Mr. Black's work should come to a second edition, we think that it might be greatly improved by a liberal use of the pruning hook, by lopping off the numerous redundancies, by compressing the narrative into a narrower space, and by purifying the diction from its various vulgarisms and conceits. As Mr. Black appears to be a young author, it would be injurious to greet him on his first appearance with unqualified praise; or not to remind him of his various defects, which, as he seems to be smitten with the love of literary fame, will, we hope, operate only as an incitement, to augment both his diligence and his zeal. His mind seems to be capable of higher attainments than he has yet displayed; and there are still many neglected spots in the civil and literary history of Italy, which are well worthy of his attention, and would amply reward the highest culture which it is in his power or in that of any other person to bestow.

---

**ART. VIII.—*The Mourtray Family; a Novel.* By Mrs. Hervey, 4 vols. London, Faulder, 1810.**

THE lovers of the *marvellous* will not find entertainment in the perusal of the four volumes now before us, for here is nothing wonderful to charm their attention, put their brain in a whirl, and make their hair stand an end. Mrs. Hervey has evinced some knowledge of character, but there is nothing at all new in her plot. The incidents, which are such as occur in familiar and fashionable life, are natural enough, thrown together well enough, and told well enough. Though Mrs. Hervey has not made any cogent demands on her readers' sympathy and tears by the hard fate of an imprisoned or persecuted damsel, she has very considerately and good humouredly indulged us with

an elopement in the usual manner, viz. that of eluding a French governess and a suspicious and watchful papa. Mrs. Hervey's lovers are a rational kind of beings, who are willing to marry the object of their choice according to *l'usage du monde*, in a quiet manner, without having recourse to scaling ladders, or endangering their lives by hair-breadth scapes. But, fearing our fair readers may be impressed with the idea that Mrs. Hervey is dull and sombre, we beg to assure them, that her lovers are fashionable young men, and sufficiently ardent, independantly of the elopement we mentioned, which must always be interesting to young ladies. By way of a *fillip*, we are regaled with a *raging fever* which terminates happily, and a duel, which ends as fatally as heart can wish, or any reasonable young lady can desire. And furthermore we do say, that as much entertainment may be derived by the perusal of the 'Mourtray Family,' as can well be found in the description of a ruined castle with unfrequented chambers and long passages, with accommodating footsteps, heard at the dismal hour of midnight, &c.

Mr. Mourtray, the head of this family, lives on his estate called Downton Hall, in one of the western counties. This said estate had, once on a time, been so considerable as to attach great consequence to its possessors, but, by giving support to the royal cause during the civil wars, it had been greatly reduced, and part of it sold. It still, however, retained much distinction among the neighbouring gentry; and though the estate brought in but barely sufficient to keep up the appearance of gentility, yet from the antiquity of the family, as much as from the goodness of its present owners, the Mourtray family were looked up to with respect and deference.

Mr. and Mrs. Mourtray have a son and daughter, the only remaining children of a large family. The son is a wild and volatile youth, who reforms, in good time, after some wholesome discipline in the school of adversity. The daughter is a very beautiful, accomplished, and amiable girl, well educated by her father, and deservedly the darling of this good man. She remains in seclusion with much serenity and happiness, till she becomes on a familiar visiting footing with their near neighbours, the Earl of Wilmington's family, whose haughty countess and two fashionable daughters find Emma Mourtray an acquisition in the country, and consequently notice her for their own convenience, not forgetting, at the same time, to impress her with a just notion of the honour they confer by permit-

ting her to be domesticated with them. The elegant and easy style of living, which she enjoys during these visits, makes her return with regret to the dull sameness of Downton Hall. She had also inconsiderately imbibed notions of grandeur and ambition, which would not have been indulged had she not gone out of her sphere to be thus domesticated with this noble family. These notions, mixed with a certain quantity of vanity, which had gained strength by the great attention shown her on account of her beauty, intelligence, and pleasing manners, made her think the gloomy months of a severe winter, in which she was employed in plain work and other useful occupations, almost insupportable. She sighs for the enjoyment of those gay scenes of which her noble friends, Lady Belle and Lady Elizabeth are partaking in London. When lo! as she is copying some music while her mother is at her needle, and her father is employed over the silent and scientific game of chess, with an old French emigrant, the village post-man brings letters, one of which contains information of the death of a relation who has left Mr. Mourtray thirty thousand pounds, and his estate in Antigua. This estate had been forcibly detained by a third person, and a suit was commenced to regain it, just at the time this relation is so obliging as to make his *exit*, and leave Mr. Mourtray to finish the law-proceedings and enjoy the fortune. The family soon quit the forlorn seat of Downton for a house in Upper Wimpole-street. A carriage is purchased, and whilst Mr. Mourtray is occupied in securing his good fortune, his wife and daughter are employed in making themselves fashionable figures and visiting, &c. &c. Emma is again noticed by the great family, much in the same way as she was in the country. She accompanies the countess to an auction, and is admitted into her opera box. In this brilliant society, she meets with a dashing marquis, a nephew of the Earl of Wilmington, who falls in love with her, and Emma of course with him; but this gay spark has a fashionable entanglement with a married lady, which it is difficult to break off; and as Mr. Mourtray is obliged to go to Antigua, Emma is left without the aid of his good counsel, and gives herself up to the indulgence of a passion which she has little hope of terminating happily. However, the marquis bethinks him of the old adage 'a faint heart never wins a fair lady'; he accordingly snaps asunder the chains with which the Lady Fredville had fettered his liberty, and marries Emma. And here our readers may fancy that all is over; but no such thing; for

Mrs. Hervey has given us a little insight into the style of living and manners of a married couple in the *haut ton*; and we must do Mrs. H. the justice to say, that she has extremely well pourtrayed a fashionable husband and fashionable life. Lord Miramont, the husband of Emma, is passionately in love long after marriage, and every thing goes on very smoothly, and prettily, when he is introduced to a beautiful Mrs. Lenmer, who comes from Ireland on a visit to her brother, who had married Emma's friend, Lady Belle, the daughter of Lord Wilmington, and who, by her arts and witcheries, seduces the affections of the marquis from his wife.

A duel with the husband of the lady is the consequence, and the marquis is mortally wounded. Here we have a very good death-bed penitent scene; the marquis wonders how he could be such a fool as to risk his life for another man's wife, whilst he had so good a one of his own. He accordingly asks pardon for his offences in a very becoming manner, which pardon is granted with all possible sweet-ness by his afflicted marchioness, and so he departs this mortal life, pronouncing the name of Emma, as a good husband should do.

Emma, now left a widow, retires to a house situated on the banks of one of the lakes of Cumberland, where, after a proper time, she regains some degree of cheerfulness and comfort; for be it understood that Emma really and truly loved her husband, and was a most amiable and worthy lady. As she is left a widow in the bloom of youth, she finds plenty of suitors when she again enters the world; and, two years after the death of the marquis, she marries a Lord Clannarmon, who exhibits a perfect example of what husbands ought to be; and Emma, though she had not the opportunities of displaying her patience and forbearance, as during her former marriage, found that an habitual intercourse with worth and good sense is a much happier state, and stands a better chance of felicity in a nuptial union of which friendship and esteem are the basis, than where violent passion only is the motive.

The moral which Mrs. Hervey wishes to impress on her readers in the history of the Mourtray family is that, on the proper regulation of the passions, our fate chiefly depends. Emma's disappointment in her first marriage may be ascribed to her vanity in choosing an illustrious libertine, whose mind accorded so little with her own. In her second choice (having discarded vanity, and been chastened by affliction), she becomes a happy wife, dis-

pensing good around her, which heartily wishing that all our fair young countrywomen may do, we conclude the account of the Mourtray family. As a specimen, however, of the talents of Mrs. Hervey, we will extract that part of the work where the good news arrives of the thirty thousand pounds. Whilst Mr. Mourtray is playing chess with Du Masson, the emigrant,

‘not one syllable had been heard in the parlour for above an hour and a half, excepting *check*; when the stillness was suddenly broken, by Peter’s voice pacifying the house-dog as he entered the hall.—This sound roused Mrs. Mourtray out of a slumber into which she had fallen: “Bless me!” cried she, starting up, “here’s the post at last!”—To this exclamation her husband, who happened at that moment to be under no small anxiety for the fate of his *queen*, contented himself by answering with a nod.—But Emma, whose motions were like lightning, had already anticipated the entrance of Peter into the parlour, whom she had flown to meet in the hall, and appeared with the much wished-for packet in her hand.—“Andrew is safe and well, papa,” cried she; “but the snow is so deep, the poor man could not find his way; and he would probably have remained on the downs all night, if Peter had not luckily found him, and brought him here with him.”—A second nod from Mr. Mourtray.—“Shall I go and order something warm to be given to the poor creature?” asked Emma of her mother, no longer thinking of any thing but old Andrew; “for, indeed, he seems half frozen.”—“Ring the bell; but first, hold the paper to the fire, child; and as I hope this game of chess is almost over, you will have time to read it to us before supper.”—“Peter does not hear the bell, mamma: had I not better go myself?”—“Why in such a hurry? Let me first skim over the paper.”—While she was doing this, Emma flew to give directions that great care might be taken of Andrew; and when she returned, she reminded her mother that there were two letters: “they are both,” said she, “for my father, and one of them has a great black seal: what can that mean?”—“A black seal! oh, mercy! it certainly is some bad news about Henry. Do for God’s sake, Mr. Mourtray, let your game alone, and open your letters.”—Again Mr. Mourtray nodded, but quite mechanically; he had saved his *queen* by the loss of a *bishop*; and meditating a capital stroke, he neither heard nor saw any thing but the board before him.—Mrs. Mourtray, quite out of patience, and full of anxiety about her son, exclaimed, “You are really enough to provoke a saint; if you won’t open the letters, let me at least do it.”—“Do, do; any thing, whatever you please, my dear.”—In consequence of this permission, the letter was hastily torn open. Mrs. Mourtray, eagerly glancing her eye over it—“I don’t believe,” said she, “it is about Henry; but it is such a crabbed hand, I can’t read

half of it: do, Emma, come and assist me."—The ladies now tried to construe this letter. Emma made out these few words; "he has bequeathed to you . . . . . consisting of . . . . . to the amount of thirty thousand pounds . . . . ."—"Good God! am I awake, or do I dream?" exclaimed the mother, snatching the letter from her hand; "surely you mistake, child: no, positively here are the very words!"—"Papa! O papa! such news—such joyful news!"—"Now, do, pray, mind your papa!—There he sits immovable!—I firmly believe an earthquake would not rouse him!—Mr. Mourtray; why, Mr. Mourtray, I say."—"Dear, dear papa! pray listen.—"Check-mate, Sir!" cried Mourtray, triumphantly rising from the table, and pushing back his chair.—"*Assurément je ne m'y attendais pas!*" said Du Masson, shrugging up his shoulders.—"No, to be sure, how should you?" cried Mrs. Mourtray, thinking only of the legacy: "I believe nobody expected it."—"Well, my dear, what is it you have been saying?" quietly asked Mourtray, as he stirred the fire: "I suppose there is some good news, by Emma's capering about so."—"News, indeed!" answered Mrs. Mourtray, half sullenly; "God bless my heart! have not I been screaming to you this half hour, to tell you very great news; but you would not attend to me?"—"Well, speak, I am all attention."—"Thirty thousand . . . ."—"*Trente mille des patriotes pris et tués!*" interrupting her, "*vraiment c'est une grande nouvelle!*" cried Du Masson, rubbing his hands."—"Lord bless me! why, Monsieur, the French are quite out of the question. I want, if possible, to make Mr. Mourtray understand, that he has got a legacy of thirty thousand pounds! and God knows what besides."—"Indeed!" cried Mourtray, coolly, whilst, with an air of incredulity, he took the letter to read.—"Let him convince himself, my love," said Mrs. Mourtray to Emma, who had clung hold of her father's hand, eagerly assuring him of the truth of the legacy.—Du Masson, who understood English very imperfectly, could not, in the least, comprehend what had happened; but sat with his mouth open, his eyes fixed, and twirling his thumbs, waiting an explanation.—Meanwhile, Mourtray convinced himself of the reality of his good fortune; and as he finished the letter, he said, "Upon my word, my dear, this is extraordinary news!"—"Charming! delightful!" exclaimed both ladies: "and now, papa," said Emma, pressing his hand between hers—"and now, papa, we can go to London!"—To be sure, my dear, or any where else," said Mrs. Mourtray, answering for her husband; "what may not be done with such a vast sum of money!"—"I hope," replied Mourtray, "things really are as stated in this letter; but we must not be too sanguine before we are absolutely in possession of this money.—But here is another letter to read."—This contained nothing material. Whilst he was reading it, Mrs. Mourtray, after muttering something about damping people's joy, suddenly recollected what transports

her dear Henry would feel on this occasion ; and had almost a mind to send off an express instantly, to impart to him the glad tidings. Emma was explaining them to Du Masson, who, with his pencil, on a corner of the neglected newspaper, was reducing the thirty thousand pounds into French livres ; which operation being done, he exclaimed, lifting up his hands and eyes, “ *Ah ! quelle somme ! quelle fortune immense !* ”—“ It is indeed,” echoed Emma, “ an immense sum ;” who, never having possessed more than a few shillings in her purse, considered this legacy as boundless.’

---

**ART. IX.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Victor Alfieri, written by himself. Translated from the Italian. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn, 1810.***

VICTOR ALFIERI was born in the city of Asti, in Piedmont, of noble parents, A. D. 1749. Before he had completed his first year, his father, a man wholly destitute of ostentation, and extremely simple in his manners, was carried off by an inflammation in his lungs, contracted by overheating himself in one of his daily excursions on foot to see his infant, who was then at nurse in the village of Rovigliasco. His mother was left with two daughters and a son by a former husband, and a son and daughter by her second husband, who was Alfieri’s father. She afterwards married a third, the chevalier Alfieri de Magliano, and at the time when these memoirs were written the union still existed. She was animated by a zealous and heroic piety, and entirely devoted herself to the relief of the indigent and unfortunate. At five years of age Victor Alfieri was reduced to the last extremity by a violent dysentery, during which complaint he anxiously looked forward to death, both as the termination of his sufferings, and because he had heard it said that his youngest brother after death would become a little angel. Shortly after his sister Julia was placed in a convent, a separation which occasioned much grief and many tears. He compares the sensations he then experienced, with those which he felt, in after life, on relinquishing the society of a beloved female or sincere friend, and observes ‘ that all the affections of man, however different they may appear, originate from the same principle.’ His first preceptor was a worthy priest of very ordinary attainments, under whose tuition he learned writing and the four first rules of arithmetic, *Cornelius Nepos*, and *Phædrus’ fa-*

bles. A melancholy turn had now taken possession of his mind, encouraged by a daily attendance at a Carmelite church adjoining his step-father's house, where he took delight in listening to the music, and viewing the ceremonies of mass. To this attendance he was prompted by the impression which the features of the Carmelite novices, most of whom were about fourteen or sixteen years of age, made on his tender heart, resembling that which he felt from beholding his sister.

When about seven or eight years old, in a melancholy fit, he devoured a great quantity of herbs, intending to poison himself; but nature obliged him to disgorge what he had swallowed. A severe cholic was the consequence, which he would have concealed under an obstinate silence, had not his mother observed the greenish colour of his lips, and in her terror, drawn from him an avowal of the truth. At this period he describes himself as taciturn and calm, petulant and talkative by turns, resisting force, but submissive to the voice of friendship, more restrained by the dread of being reprimanded, than by any other consideration; though excessively timid, inflexible when any one attempted to overcome him by open force. As a punishment for uttering a falsehood, he was sent to mass at a church much frequented, with a net on his head, that almost entirely concealed his hair: during the remainder of the day, he neither ate, spoke, studied, nor even wept, in fact, his grief was so violent that he fell sick, and continued indisposed for many days, which so terrified his mother, that he was never again subjected to a similar punishment. 'I know not,' says he, 'whether it is imputable to the happy effect of the night cap, that I have been through life the most candid, and least given to deceit of any individual with whom I am acquainted. Having taken a dislike to a maternal aunt, who was visiting Asti, and before her departure enquired, "what would please him and he should have it;" he could be prevailed upon to make no reply but "nothing," though the question was reiterated in twenty different ways. But though he had obstinately refused her gifts, he had not scrupled to steal from one of her trunks, a fan which he concealed in his bed, and intended to present to his sister.

'A thief is certainly worse than a liar; yet I was neither threatened nor punished with the night cap, so much more afraid was my mother to see me fall sick of grief, than alarmed lest I should become a little knave. Dishonesty is a crime not much to be feared, nor is it difficult to eradicate, among those

who are not driven to it through necessity. Respect for the property of others quickly takes root, and grows up among individuals who possess wealth of their own.'

His sage preceptor Ivaldi prepared him for his first confession, by suggesting all the crimes, of which he conceived the child might have been guilty, many of which he knew not even by name. The confessor, though (notwithstanding this preparation) he was obliged to dictate his confession, bestowed absolution, and enjoined as a penance that he should throw himself before sitting down to dinner at the feet of his mother, and publicly solicit her pardon for all his first faults. Not suspecting that the plan was concerted with his parents, he would have seated himself without performing the condition of his absolution, had not his mother, with a stern aspect inquired, if he had really a right to place himself at table, and if he had fulfilled his duty. Though the questions were daggers to his heart, there were no means to make him execute his penance, or declare what it was: so that the affair ended in this, that she lost her obeisance, and he his dinner, and perhaps also the absolution which the father had given him on such a hard condition. When he was eight years old, his eldest brother the Marquis Cacherano returned from college. He possessed some little advantages, and for the first time envy began to spring in the mind of Victor Alfieri.

' It was not, however,' he says, ' a base passion, because it did not lead him to hate the individual, but only ardently to desire that he might possess the same advantages without wishing to deprive him of them. Such is the distinction I would make between the two species of envy, that which takes root in base minds, displays itself in hatred; the other, which emanates from generous souls is evinced under the name of emulation. Thus we see how imperceptible is the line which separates the germ of our virtues and vices.'

One day while amusing himself with his brother, in performing the Prussian exercise, he fell against an *andiron*, and wounded his left eye-brow so deeply, that the scar remained visible ever after. When any one enquired of his preceptor what accident had befallen him, and answer was made, that it was in consequence of a fall, he always added—' when performing my exercise.' ' The feelings I experienced on this occasion,' he adds, ' afforded an early indication of the love of glory.' His paternal uncle and guardian the chevalier Pellegrino Alfieri, a man of great

intelligence, returning from his travels, perceived that a change of system was necessary, and determined to place him at the academy in Turin. His mother was inconsolable on this occasion, having just then lost her eldest son, by a pulmonic complaint: he also when the moment of departure arrived, was ready to expire with grief, when he took leave of his mother and preceptor. On changing horses, after the first stage, being extremely thirsty, he approached the horse's trough, and dipping one of the corners of his hat, quenched his thirst without further ceremony. Being reprimanded for this by a worthy man, who accompanied him to his uncle's, he replied, that when people were travelling they ought to accustom themselves to every thing, and that a good soldier should never drink in any other manner. These warlike ideas, he admits, must have originated in a small portion of vanity, which began to display itself in his character from the moment he was freed from the restraint of authority. With this anecdote he terminates the first epoch of his life, which he intitles Infancy.

The academy of Turin was ill arranged. The students were placed between the theatre, which they were permitted to visit only during the carnival, and the apartments of the king's pages, and the foreigners then resident. It was not natural that youth should be reconciled to the severity of discipline, while pleasure was constantly in sight, and at the same time out of reach. The insipidity of his studies, which were conducted on the scholastic system, spare diet of an indifferent quality, and short intervals of rest affected his health; and he was successively attacked with various complaints, the most remarkable of which was an eruptive disease on his head and temples, resembling a kind of leprosy, from which he suffered inconceivable distress. But notwithstanding all obstacles, the spirit of emulation was kindled between Victor and a class fellow, who excelled him in memory, but yielded the palm in composition. His taste for poetry first shewed itself in the purchase of an Ariosto at the price of several Sunday's dinners, half a chicken for a volume. The translation of the *Æneid* by Annibal Caro, some operas of Metastasio, and comedies of Goldoni, together with some romances and novels, afforded him much pleasure. The ennui occasioned by his rhetorical and philosophical studies, was relieved by occasional visits to Count Benedict Alfieri, a worthy character, so passionately devoted to architecture, that he never pronounced the name of Mi-

chael Angelo Buonarotti, without bowing his head, or taking off his hat. He had also the pleasure of seeing his sister Julia frequently at this period, in consequence of her having been removed from a convent at Asti to one at Turin, on account of a love affair. His disgust with the studies of the academy was further increased by his going for the first time to the performance of the opera buffa. For several weeks after he experienced a profound melancholy, not however unattended with pleasure. Music appears to have had the most powerful effect upon his mind; the plots of the greatest number of his tragedies were either formed while listening to music, or a few hours afterwards.

In 1762 he composed his first sonnet, of which nothing remains. His uncle, a soldier and a politician, had no relish for poetry, and chilled the efforts of his infant muse. Meanwhile his education proceeded in the customary forms. He seems to have made little real progress in the sciences: his failure in music, he attributes to taking lessons immediately after dinner, which he deems the most unfavourable period for the exertion of intellect, and even for the simple application of the eyes on paper. Fencing he did not excel in from the weakness of his frame, and the very name of dancing made him shudder and laugh at the same time. This feeling of contempt and aversion he extended to the nation which supplies Europe with dancing masters, and the rouge of the French ladies, and the victories of England and Prussia over the French troops, contributed to rivet his dislike.

His paternal uncle died at this period, and Alfieri, at the age of fourteen, by the laws of Piedmont, came into the enjoyment of his fortune, with no other restriction, than that a guardian was appointed to prevent the alienation of any part of it. A domestic governor, André, who had tyrannized over him for seven years, was dismissed, yet not without regret, occasioned by the habit of associating with him, and by a certain mental influence which he had obtained. Alfieri then engaged a master to assist in cramming him for his examination for the degree of Master of Arts, which he was anxious to gain, because the prior of the academy had promised as a reward, that he should when graduated be permitted to attend the riding school. Master of his fortune, well mounted, and performing the maddest feats of horsemanship, his health and spirits improved daily: he bade adieu to the study of the law, and changed the black suits which he had been

compelled to wear by the regulations of the academy for the most expensive dresses. Yet in the midst of this career he often thought of returning to study, and experienced remorse and a kind of shame for his ignorance. He commenced the perusal of the thirty-six volumes of l'Histoire ecclesiastique de Fleuri, and nearly completed it with extracts. Hence he formed the most unfavourable opinion of priests and their concerns. For irregularities he was confined to his apartment for three months; during which he slept the greatest part of the day, cooked his own dinner, totally neglected his external appearance, and acquired the air of a complete savage. When visited by the companions of his heroic sports, he was sullen and silent, like a body without a soul, squatting on a mattress, his eyes filled with tears, not one of which, however, he suffered to escape. From this confinement he was freed at the solicitation of the Count Hyacinth Cuniana, that he might attend his marriage with his sister Julia. He purchased a beautiful horse, to whom he became excessively attached, which fondness did not prevent him from teasing and tormenting him at the whim of the moment. Afterwards he increased his stud to seven, and purchased a chariot sorely against the will of his new guardian. His fine dresses he never displayed before his inferiors, and his horses, they had liberty to use in common with himself. This conduct, he conceives, notwithstanding the errors incident to youth, and the faults originating from a bad system of education, discovers in it traces of a love of justice, uninfluenced by prejudices of birth or fortune, and a greatness of mind—features which constitute the essential characteristics of a free man, or alone deserving to be so. He now became a victim to the feelings, which Petrarch has so inimitably described, and fell in love with a married woman. This passion produced no serious consequences, though it was never wholly extinguished. A journey to Genoa, and an acquaintance with some students from different countries, raised in him the mania of seeing foreign parts. Before he indulged this passion, he entered into one of the provincial regiments, which in time of peace are called out twice a year for a few days, in which he fulfilled his duties with great punctuality. With this event he concludes the second period of his life, which he entitles his Adolescence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

**ART. X.—Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb; or a theoretical and practical View of the means by which they are taught to speak and understand a Language; containing Hints for the correction of Impediments in Speech; together with a Vocabulary, illustrated by numerous Copper-plates, respecting the most common Objects necessary to be named by Beginners. By Joseph Watson, LL. D. London, Darton and Harvey; and to be had of the Author at the Asylum, Kent Road. 1809, 15s.**

AFTER xxxviii pp. of excellent introductory matter, the sensible and benevolent author proceeds to exhibit a more detailed view of a very judicious, and we believe, successful process for the instruction of the deaf and dumb under the heads of 'ARTICULATION, WRITING, READING, and KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE.' Not only the wisdom but the goodness of God is very clearly seen in the physical constitution of man. The human form is furnished with five organs of sense, of exquisite structure, and adapted with inexpressible nicety to the purposes for which they are designed, and to the relations in which they are placed to the varied objects of the external world, as well as to the peculiar powers of the internal mind. This quintuple apparatus for the conveyance of sensible impressions to the intellectual faculty is so wonderfully combined, that any defect in one or more of the organs, as of speech, or hearing, or sight, may be supplied in a great measure by those organs of sense which remain entire.

This is effected by the power which the mind possesses of forming its ideas into tribes or associations; and by this associating faculty of connecting those ideas, which are the peculiar product of one sense, with those, which are allotted to the office of another, and thus making the touch discharge the duties of the eye, or the eye those of the ear. But this could not by any possible means be accomplished, if all the five senses had not a common sensory, or common focus, as it were, of perception, in which the sensations communicated by each particular organ, notwithstanding their seeming divergence or differences, met as in a centre of conscious unity. For, if a particular sensory were appropriated to the impressions of each particular organ, a man would be constituted of five selves, or five separate and insociable modes of sensible existence. In this case if any individual were deprived of

the organ of hearing, the defect could not in any way be remedied by the organ of sight; for the sight, being confined to a particular and insulated sensory, could not by any practicable associations convey audible ideas, or supply the absence of the ear. The five sensories which would, according to this hypothesis, be attached to the five organs of sense, would be so many divided and independent states of sensation, any communication between which would be prevented by an impassable barrier.

By means of a one, a sole, and common sensory, the different organs are brought into such a state of association and union, that they cooperate not only to one common end—the information of *one indivisible mind*; but if any particular organ should unhappily be either vitiated or imperfect, the defect may be supplied by the agency of another through the intervention of the associating faculty, without any considerable deduction from the happiness of the individual.

In cases where the organs of hearing and speech are, either from original structure, or very early fortuitous injury, incapable of performing their functions, the sight has been most successfully employed in counteracting the force of the calamity, and in providing the individual with a substitute for audible sounds and articulate pronunciation.

Children obtain a knowledge of language by means of the articulate sounds, which they gradually learn to associate with the objects, which those sounds are used to designate. But as the deaf are inaccessible to all articulate sounds, they must acquire their knowledge of language from some other source; or they must employ a different medium of association. Visible signs must be substituted for audible sounds. By means of visible signs the naturally deaf may be taught to articulate words, and to read writing or print. The pronunciation of the vowels is a primary object in the instruction of those who are born deaf.

‘The first step,’ says Dr. Watson, ‘is to obtain a clear and distinct sound from the throat, (in a voice tolerably well pitched; for this is our *materia loquela*,) as, of *a*, in the word *wall*, &c. To effect this, and to habituate the pupil to associate the sound which he is learning to form, with the figure of the letter which is to be its representative, this is distinctly traced upon paper, or any convenient tablet, and he is made to look at it for a minute or two: he then, if of acute intellect, will look up, with some anxiety in his countenance,

as if he would ask what he is to do with it. The sound is then slowly and fully pronounced, and the learner made to observe, by his eyes, the position and motion of the external organs of speech, and to *feel* the abstraction of the muscles of the larynx, by placing his finger upon the throat, carefully making him perceive the difference to be felt there, between sound and silence. Having made these observations for a minute or two, he will seldom hesitate to attempt an imitation of what he has been observing; and that, for the most part, successfully. When the contrary is the case, nothing more is necessary than patient and good-natured perseverance; for if he perceive that his failure has excited chagrin or disappointment in his teacher, he will make another effort with great reluctance. The sound once acquired, must be practised sufficiently to avoid any danger of losing it; for the greatest care must be taken, all through his progress, never to proceed to a new sound till the preceding has become familiar, and unattended with doubt as to the manner of producing it.'

The powers of the consonants as well as of the vowels, are taught through the instrumentality of the eye and the touch. Thus,

'by closing the lips, sounding gently in the throat, forcing them asunder by the emission of the breath, and carefully avoiding to let any of it pass through the nose, we have the power of *b*; after the same manner is formed the power of *p*, but without sound in the throat.'

When the deaf are taught to read, the words are presented to them as objects of the sense of seeing. According to the plan pursued by the author, when

'some familiar object is *called*: as, *body*, *head*, *face*, &c. and the scholar is made to copy it, on his slate, and is taught to pronounce it; he is then shown the object named, and made to point to it, while he pronounces the name, till he remembers the connection between the *name* and the *thing*, sufficiently to point out the object when shown the *name*; or to pronounce and write the name, when shown the *object*. From the parts of the body, we proceed to the covering of it, and learn the names of the articles of dress, in the same manner. We then learn the names of the next most familiar objects; such as articles of furniture, *chair*, *table*, &c. (See the *Vocabulary*), always taking care to make perfect as we go on, and frequently going over all we have learnt, till every word becomes familiar in its articulation, orthography, and meaning.'

'While proceeding through the vocabulary of substantives, in order to give variety to the lessons, we learn the pronouns, per-

sonal and demonstrative, &c. at suitable intervals; always attending to the pronunciation, and making the learner write the words with his own hand. Then the verbs, to *be*, to *have*, and the other auxiliaries, are learnt to be varied according to their persons, joined to nominative cases: as, *I am*, *he has*, &c. The meaning of all these is learnt by application in examples. When he says *I*, he points to himself; when he says *you*, he points to the person teaching him; *he*, to a third person, &c. Nothing is more obvious to the eye than number, as a property of things; we therefore early learn to count, *one*, *two*, *three*, &c.—These preliminaries settled, we proceed to the construction of short sentences, without learning the rules of syntax! Thus, for instance, we may say: *this is my pen*; *that is your pen*; *that is his pen*; *these are our pens*, &c. “I have *one* body.” “I have *two hands*,” &c. showing the meaning, by pointing out the objects and their relations already perceived by, and familiar to, the learner, though he could not express them. For practice, he is taught to change the substantive, till he can himself give examples, and rightly apply all the words in such sentences; which, in general, he is not a little proud to do. When the pen writes well, *my*, *your*, &c. *pen is good*. When it does *not* write well—*my pen is bad*.

It will readily occur to the reader how to exemplify “to write *well*,” *quickly*, *slowly*, &c. and to vary the verb, accompanied by the adverbs, with different nominative cases: as *I*, *you*, *he*, *they*; *Thomas*, *John*, &c. &c. By such sentences as the following, we can shew the meaning of the words called prepositions: “I write *with* a pen.” “I hold my pen *in* my hand.” “I lay the pen *on* the table.” “I put the pen *into* the inkstand, *to* take ink.” “My book is *before* me.” “I sit *at* the table.” “John sits *next to* me.” “The door is *behind* me.” Just in a similar way, by example and application, we can show the meaning of the conjunctions, copulative or disjunctive, as grammarians call them. Thus: “John *and* Thomas,” is *John* joined with *Thomas*, in an action or series: “John and Thomas *write*.”—“John *or* Thomas,” is, John, *not* Thomas: Thomas, *not* John: “John *or* Thomas *writes*: I do not know which of them.”

The moods and tenses of the verb are ingeniously taught by particular examples, addressed to the organ of vision. The deaf and dumb soon learn to mark duration by the stated recurrence of certain visible signs, as of days and nights, and the changes of the seasons. They are said to point forward to mark futurity, and backward to denote time past.

The present, they have distinguished by pointing directly upwards, and describing the light or darkness that surrounds them. We have, therefore, only to teach them the names of the visible

appearances which they have already observed: *day*, when it is light; *night*, when it is dark; *Sunday*, when we go to church; (to signify this, a deaf person will put himself in a devotional attitude); *Monday*, one day more than *Sunday*; *Tuesday*, two days more, &c. In short, we teach them the names of the days of the week, and other divisions of time, downwards to seconds, and upwards to centuries. It is almost needless to say, that they must be daily exercised in these things, for some considerable time. *This is Sunday, yesterday was Saturday, to-morrow will be Monday: I am well to-day, I was ill yesterday, I hope I shall be well to-morrow:* and such like sentences, introducing the adverbs, *now, lately, before, since, after, &c.* must form frequent exercises. Always taking care to seize upon occurrences that have most particularly attracted the notice of the learner. Examples to be understood by him, in this stage of his progress, must not be hypothetical, but according to the truth of things, that come under his notice.'

The names of the sensible properties of objects are readily learned by placing the objects themselves before the eye; and the comparison of adjectives may be brought home to that great inlet of perceptions, by the exhibition of objects, which possess the same quality in different degrees. We may place together three apples, which are *red, redder, and reddest*, or three sticks, which are *tall, taller, and tallest*. When we have shown many particular objects which are white, red, &c. &c. the mind will soon learn to generalize the idea of *whiteness, redness, &c. &c.* and to consider the qualities of white, &c. abstractedly from the subjects in which they are found. The terms, *wise, foolish, good, bad, just, fraudulent, and, what may be called, the vocabulary of ethics*, may be taught by showing what is *wise, foolish, good, bad, just, fraudulent*, in particular specifications of conduct.

In a note to this work, p. 65, we have a letter to the author from Mr. Astley Cooper, giving an account of a boy who was born *deaf and blind*. As the case is one of very uncommon occurrence, we shall lay it before the reader.

' My Dear Sir,

' The boy whom I mentioned to you, as having been born deaf, and blind from congenital cataracts, was brought to my house by Mr. Saunders, oculist. When he was led into my parlour, he put his hands to the wall, and felt around the room until he met with a chair, on which he placed himself. A key was given to him, with which he immediately began to strike his teeth, and from which he seemed to derive great satisfaction. In

lieu of the key a piece of wood was put into his hand—he struck his teeth two or three times with it, and threw it from him with a whining noise, and with frequent lateral motion of the body, expressive of uneasiness and disappointment; but upon a key being again presented to him, he beat his teeth with great apparent pleasure, and seemed to wish to continue the gratification for a length of time.

‘ I wrote to Mr. Saunders, for further particulars, and he gave me the following account :

“ The lad’s name is Mitchell, son of the Rev. James Mitchell, of Ardelach, Inverness. His age, I think, about ten years, very strong, and apparently healthy. He was tractable, and his father and friends managed him very easily; for after being gently patted on the head, he would readily submit to their direction and guidance, for the accomplishment of any ordinary purpose.

“ As soon as he came into the room, he walked around it and traversed it, feeling every article of furniture. He had the custom of feeling every one, and of running his hands up and down their limbs, as if to judge of their stature. If any thing pleased him, he patted his stomach, as if that organ had, in the course of his existence, given him most pleasure, and he instinctively referred to it for the expression of delight. His principal amusement consisted in hammering his teeth with some elastic substance, as a key, and was very angry when checked by the substitution of some other substance incapable of vibration. When I attempted the operation for the cataract, his friends lost their power of managing him; but when liberated from the restraint necessary on that occasion, he was equally tractable as before, and seemed perfectly free from sulkiness. He would not, however, suffer me to approach him afterwards, without great difficulty, possibly distinguishing me by the nose.

I am,

Yours, very truly,

ASTLEY COOPER.”

In the above account, we find a circumstance, on which, before we conclude our notice of this valuable work, we will offer a few remarks. Mr. Astley Cooper says, that the poor boy in question appeared to derive great pleasure from striking his teeth with a key. Neither Mr. A. C. nor the author have reasoned at all on this incident, which appears to be one of some importance, in the treatment of those who are subject to the calamity which Dr. Wallis is so ably and philanthropically employed in alleviating. Our inference from the boy’s deriving pleasure from striking the key against his teeth, is, that he *heard the vibrations*. For the sensation of sound may be excited, even where the drum of the ear will not perform its natural functions, by any

thing, which communicates a vibratory motion to the *shæpes*, or the last of the four bones, which propagate the vibrations of the tympanum to the immediate vicinity of the brain. Dr. Paley, who has given a very accurate description of the ear, which is quoted by Dr. Wallis, says, that the sensation of sound may be produced by 'a metal bar holden at one end between the teeth, and touching, at the other end, a tremulous body.' We have ourselves known an instance of an individual born deaf, or, in whom it was not possible to excite the sensation of sound by the intervention of the drum of the ear, but, who could yet hear a person play on the harpsichord by applying his teeth to the frame of the instrument. In the instruction of the deaf and dumb, it would be always right to try whether the sensation of sound might not be excited by the means which we have mentioned, and in those cases in which this is found practicable, might not the true sounds of the letters, &c. &c. be communicated by some mechanical medium? Such persons might learn to articulate with more clearness and with a more agreeable modulation of the voice than any other expedient has hitherto been found sufficient to effect in the instruction of the deaf and dumb.

---

**ART. XI.—*An Inquiry into the Causes producing the extraordinary addition to the number of Insane, together with extended Observations on the Cure of Insanity; with Hints as to the Better Management of Public Asylums for Insane Persons, directed with a view to their more immediate Relief; as well as the Diminution of the Charges appropriated to their Support.*** To which are annexed, some Necessary Observations in reply to Doctor Andrew Halliday's "Remarks on the Present State of the Lunatic Asylums in Ireland." By William Saunders Hallaran, M. D. Senior Physician to the South Infirmary, and Physician to the House of Industry and Lunatic Asylum of Cork. London, Longman, 1810, 8vo. pp. 111.

THE author notices two distinct species of insanity, the one immediately affecting the sensory itself, the other affecting it through the intermediate agency of some organic lesion, or corporeal infirmity. In the treatment of the latter, the cure depends on the application to the organ or part principally affected. A torpid or morbid state of the

liver is found frequently to occasion mental derangement; and the author says, that in almost every case of insanity, the state of the liver should be a primary consideration. In every species of insanity, the sensory must necessarily be more or less diseased. In some cases, various links in the concatenation of ideas are broken or destroyed. The associations are disturbed, and the ideas are thrown into new and incongruous classes, neither consistent with experience, nor the realities of life. Or the mode of perceiving is vitiated and impaired. A new medium is, as it were, presented to the mind; and the forms and relations of the external world are altered or confused. One thing is mistaken for another; and odd and grotesque, or hideous and terrific shapes and combinations, fit over or settle on the panorama of the mind.

Though, in all cases of insanity, the mind must be the seat of the disease, yet it must be of great importance to enquire whether it be primarily or only secondarily affected. In the first case, it is more advisable to have recourse to moral influence; in the last to specific remedies. The impaired action of the mesenteric glands, is one of the common accompaniments of insanity; and a scrofulous habit seems greatly to facilitate the approach of the mental malady. Large strumous swellings suddenly appearing 'in the submaxillary glands,' are mentioned among the fatal prognostics of insanity. The author says that there has been a great augmentation in the number of insane persons admitted into the Lunatic Asylum of Cork within the last ten years. This increase is ascribed to the effect of the late unfortunate disturbances. These must have multiplied and aggravated the influence of those passions, as of terror, revenge, ambition, disappointment, grief, which tend to induce a morbid state of mind. But, perhaps, a more immediate and active cause may be found in the immoderate use of spirituous distillations. In England, religious mania is proportionally more common than in Ireland. The fumes of methodism, which are more prevalent in this country, seem often to reverse the common order of ideas, and to produce an imbecile and visionary turn of thinking, unsuited to the realities of life.

Instances of old age are very rare among the insane. Dr. Hallaran says, 'I have seen some who have arrived at the sixtieth year, but those were for the most part such as had enjoyed long intervals between each paroxysm.' 'Insanity is frequently accompanied with catalepsy,' but this association is said commonly to fix 'the complaint for

life.' The doctor 'never yet witnessed a perfect recovery in recent cases of insanity where the symptoms had suddenly given way.' The author advises to 'talk at rather than to, insane persons,' in order to weaken and gradually efface the predominant hallucination. Great obstacles to the cure have sometimes been occasioned by premature and inconsiderate attempts to restore the natural train of ideas by the force of argument. The less direct notice is taken of the most obstinate fancies of the insane, 'the less disposed will they be to return them.' Dr. H. has 'long entertained an opinion that, in whatever degree the arterial action did consist, there did, at the same time, follow a torpor of the venal system, effecting a diminution of the equilibrium so essential to health.'

Great caution is necessary in the use of emetics, particularly where there is a redundancy of blood in the vessels of the head. The stomachs of insane persons sometimes so strongly counteract the force of an emetic, that the author has administered sixteen grains of tartarised antimony to a lady before it took effect. The circulating swing affords a very efficacious mean of reducing the most turbulent and unruly maniacs. It at the same time operates as a powerful sedative, and may be safely employed where the system has been previously lowered by proper evacuations. The author ascribes great virtue to the digitalis as an antimaniacal remedy. He mentions a remarkable instance of cure by that means. But it does not seem admissible in cases of great arterial excitement. The use of the digitalis should be occassionally interrupted and cathartics interposed. Dr. H. says, that of late years opium has been almost entirely disused in the lunatic asylum at Cork; and that its place has been supplied by the sedative powers of the circulating swing, and the more permanent influence of the digitalis. But, in the access of the insane paroxysm, great benefit appears to have been derived from the seasonable administration of opium. The chain of morbid hallucinations seems thus to have been suddenly dissolved. Dr. H. places no reliance upon camphor as an antimaniacal remedy. Calomel seems the best preparative for the commencement of the digitalis.

In the asylum at Cork a farinaceous diet is the general rule of the establishment. This is found productive of very beneficial consequences. At two or three festivals in the course of the year, a few generous meals of animal food are allowed by the humanity of the governors of the asylum. This unusual stimulus appears constantly to

generate a disposition to tumult and uproar. The author infers that 'animal food tends strongly to the aggravation of insanity.' Perhaps there are few cases in which the early total disuse of animal food, and of spirituous liquors would not operate as the *preventive* of insanity. Some agreeable and useful modes should be devised of employing the insane in the period of convalescence. Something of this kind is absolutely necessary to repress or moderate the sensation of 'weariness of life,' which often constitutes the most oppressive misery, and which can be alleviated only by devising some judicious plan for exercising the active powers of the individual. This work is very creditable to the ability and benevolence of Dr. Halloran.

---

**CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.****RELIGION.**

ART. 12.—*A new Translation of the forty-ninth Psalm, in a Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's, on Sunday, June 3, 1810. To which are added Remarks, Critical and Philosophical on Leviathan, described in the forty-first chapter of Job. By the Rev. William Vansittart, M. A. Rector of White Waltham, Berks. London, Payne, 1810.*

THE learned author thinks that the forty-ninth psalm, in order to be clearly understood, ought to be considered as a dialogue between a believer in the great truth of a future life, and a scoffer at that doctrine; or rather, says Mr. Vansittart, that the scoffer himself was not present, but that the religious man puts forward the sentiments of the scoffer, which he afterwards controverts. It should be divided into the parts respectively belonging to each; and then, with a different rendering of a few of the words from the present translation, it will clearly exhibit the providence of God asserting a deliverance from the grave, and the mission of an ambassador to abolish the power of death.

Mr. Vansittart allows that this psalm in the shape in which it appears in the established version, 'carries with it the air more of a denial than a proof of the resurrection.' Bishop Hare says the same thing of the original. We think the reason of the bishop a very good one.

‘Si Psaltes in hoc carmine de resurrectione cogitasset, non breviter et obscure, sed dilucide et magnifice, felicitatem quæ pii tunc macti erunt predicasset.’

We are inclined, in this instance to prefer the opinion of the bishop to that of Mr. Vansittart. For we have in vain attempted to find in the psalm, any argument in favour of a future life, or any presage of the resurrection. The only verse which seems to offer any pretext for such an interpretation, is the fourteenth in the established version, or the fifteenth in the Hebrew original. Mr. Vansittart, in his new translation, appears to us to have tortured the words of the original into a sense agreeable to the hypothesis which he has embraced. Of this verse we will first give the translation which we find in the Prayer Book; then that of Mr. Vansittart, and lastly one of our own. ‘They lie in the hell like sheep, death gnaweth upon them, and the righteous shall have domination over them in the morning; their beauty shall consume in the sepulchre out of their dwelling.’ Mr. Vansittart renders it:

‘They are laid in the grave like sheep in the fold;  
Death shall shepherd them;  
But the upright shall rule them at morning,  
And their ambassador shall arise from his glorious habitation to abolish the grave.’

Before we intrude any other version on the notice of the reader, we must premise that the forty-ninth psalm, instead of being ‘descriptive of the resurrection’, is, as we humbly think, only a sententious ode on the vanity of wealth, and of all human greatness. The poet forcibly impresses this serious consideration, in order the more strikingly to shew the folly of those, who set their hearts on such uncertain and perishable things. He adds that,

‘They shall be shut up in the grave like sheep in the midnight fold; they shall become the prey of death; the righteous (whom they so lately treated with cruelty and scorn), shall in the morning, (that is in a short time, for are they except it) ‘trample on their dust; their splendour shall depart from the place of their dwelling, and vanish in the tomb.’

Mr. Vansittart has defended his version, with much learning and ingenuity; but we were not convinced by his remarks. We were much more pleased with his attempt to identify the Leviathan of Job with the Egyptian crocodile. Mr. Vansittart has displayed considerable erudition and sagacity in the elucidation of this subject. We will quote his remarks on Job, xli. 18.

‘His neesings kindle a light,

‘ And his eyes are as the eyelids of the morning.

‘ Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

‘ Schultens Job xli. 10. remarks, “ *Amphibia, quo diutius spiritum continent, dum aquis erant immersa, eo acrius spirare quum emergere incipiunt; spiritumque diu pressum sic effervescente, tamque violentum erumpere, ut flamas evomere videantur.* ”

“ Amphibious animals, the longer time they hold their breath under water, respire so much the more strongly when they begin to emerge; and the breath confined for a length of time effervesces in such a manner, and breaks forth so violently, that they appear to vomit forth flames.”

‘ His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. I at first thought this line was a poetical figure. But I now find it a truth originating from the resemblance, which the Egyptians thought the crocodile’s eye, when he first emerged out of the water, bore to the sun-rising from out of the sea, in which he was supposed to set. Hence the crocodile’s eyes are the hieroglyphic representing the sun-rise. Thus Horus Apollo Niliacus. Ἀνατολὴν δὲ λέγοντες δύο ὄφθαλμος κροκοδεῖλος ζωγραφεῖται, ἐπειδήπερ παντὸς σώματος ζώα οἱ ὄφθαλμοὶ ἐκ τον βυθοῦ ἀναφαίνονται. Lib. i. 81. “ When the Egyptians represent the sun-rise, they paint the two eyes of the crocodile, because the eyes are the parts of that animal’s whole body, which appear the first, upon his coming out of the water.”

‘ This peculiarity of the raising of the eyes, and the sneezings from the nostrils, takes place immediately when the crocodile comes forth out of the water. This verse shews a most intimate knowledge of the crocodile. How could the Hebrew writer have acquired it? Could he ever have examined a wild crocodile so closely and so minutely as to discover his strong respirations, and observe the change in the appearance of his eyes, immediately upon his coming out of the water? Methinks the most eager and sedulous naturalist would never have dared approach the animal sufficiently near to make this observation. Was it then one of the tame crocodiles that served for examination, or one caught and dragged out violently? Perhaps the dragging out the crocodile by force would prevent the peculiarity of the eye, which takes place when the animal comes voluntarily out of the water. In the water, the animal is dull eyed, but on land, extremely quicksighted.

Τυφλὸν δὲ ἐν ὕδατι, ἐν δὲ τῇ αἰθρίῃ ὀξυδερχέσατο. Herod. Euterpe lxviii. Pliny says, “ *Hebetes oculos hoc animal dicitur habere in aqua, extra acerrimi visus.* ”

The domestication and deification of the crocodile are mentioned by Herodotus, Plutarch, Strabo, Juvenal, and other ancient writers; and Mr. Vansittart has established the worship

of this animal, by extracts from the *Ægyptiaca* of Mr. Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton says, p. 79, that on the walls of a temple of Isis at Koum Ombos, the crocodile 'is generally seen couchant on an altar or table, receiving the adoration and offerings of his votaries.'

### POLITICS.

ART. 13.—*A Letter to the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, on the deplorable Consequences resulting to Ireland, from the very low Price of Spirituous Liquors; pointing out the Causes of the aggravated Increase of those Evils, and entreating his Attention to the Necessity and Means of remedying them.* Dublin, Parry, 1811.

THE subject of the present letter is one of great importance, and merits the attention not only of Mr. Grattan, but of every member of the legislature. We are informed that the consumption of spirituous liquors was greatly reduced in Ireland during the stoppage of the distillation from grain, which was continued in that country during a period of twenty months. This prohibition was unhappily removed in *Ireland* in March, 1810, when the distilleries were opened to the use of grain. But the ministers not only suffered the distillers to resume their operations, but they 'reduced the duty on spirituous liquors no less than 75 per cent.' Hence intoxication, with all its concomitant vices and woes, rapidly increased among the half civilized people of Ireland. Can this be surprizing, when 'a quantity of ardent spirits sufficient to intoxicate even a hardened drunkard, is now to be procured for threepence or fourpence?' The average number of persons admitted into the fever hospital, in Cork-street, Dublin, since the prices of spirituous liquors have become extremely low, has been more than doubled; and 'the number of prisoners detained for nightly riot and disorder within the several police districts of Dublin, has increased upwards of four-fold.' If there be one country in which it is more expedient than another to check rather than to encourage the use of spirituous distillations, it appears to be Ireland, not only from the inflammable temperament of the people, but from the serious causes of public discontent which are, at present, accumulated in that country, and are, of themselves, almost sufficient to incite them to acts of violence and desperation. We are sorry to say, that in most modern governments, where a question of morals comes in competition with one of finance, the latter seldom fails to obtain the preference. THE MORALITY OF TAXATION is a subject on which we enlarged in our review of a work of M. Montignon, in the Appendix to the C. R. Vol. XVIII. 1810. Statesmen in general never consider taxation as a question of morals; and therefore their measures often *operate as a bounty on the prevalence of vice.* Can we conceive any fiscal regulation more

iniquitous and unwise than that which makes the wealth of the exchequer depend on the drunkenness of the people?

The respectable author of this pamphlet proposes to raise the duty on Irish spirits. The following facts will show the necessity of this among other regulations. 'A gallon of spirits in London is worth about twenty shillings; a gallon of spirits of *the same strength*, rates at this moment in Dublin at six shillings and two-pence!' The *mere duty* on a gallon of spirits in London is *eight shillings*, while 'a gallon of spirits of equal strength is *actually vended* in Dublin for *six shillings and two-pence*.'

*ANR. 14.—Narrative of the Operations of a Detachment in an Expedition to Candy, in the Island of Ceylon, in the Year 1804; with some Observations on the previous Campaign, and on the Nature of Candian Warfare, &c. &c. &c. By Major Johnston, of the Third Ceylon Regiment, then Captain Commandant of the Detachment. London, Baldwin, 1810, 6s.*

IN a modest preface, Major Johnston informs us, that he resided nearly twelve years in the Island of Ceylon, during the greater part of which period he was employed in active military scenes, or in the discharge of civil duties. Hence he had frequent opportunities of observing the nature of the country and the manners of the inhabitants. The monarchy of Ceylon, though situated in an island, does not command an inch of coast. The whole circle of the coast is under the dominion of the English. The territory of the King of Candy may thus be considered as in a state of perpetual blockade. But the independence of his dominions is, in a great measure, protected by a double barrier, consisting of the ruggedness of the country and the insalubrity of the climate. The approach to his kingdom is through paths, along which two men can seldom go abreast. Gates are fixed and guards stationed in these paths; and all ingress or egress is the object of unremitting vigilance. The Candians possess great advantages for harassing their enemy on his march, and they are said to display considerable dexterity in this kind of desultory warfare. But their climate is likely to be found the most powerful bulwark against the ambition of their European foes. The following may serve as a specimen of the strength of this physical defence. On the 11th of April, 1803, '400 men of the 51st regiment appeared under arms at Columbo, on their arrival at Candy. In little more than two months, 300 of them were buried, having laid the foundation of disease in the interior.' Major Johnston, who is an able and skilful officer, penetrated with a small detachment of English troops to the capital of his Candian Majesty, where he had expected to unite his force with some other divisions from other points. This expectation was fallacious, and he endured incredible hardships in his retreat to Trincomale, which, however, he

effected with less loss than might have been expected, considering the vigorous opposition of the enemy, and the varied difficulties of the march. This work possesses but little to interest the general reader, but it contains some information and advice, which may be useful to our countrymen, who are settled in Ceylon, or are about to reside in that island.

ART. 15.—*Sketches of Irish History, and Considerations on the Catholic Question, together with an Answer to the Misrepresentations of Messrs. Newenham and Cobbett, respecting the Affairs of Ireland.* London, Murray, 1811, 8vo. pp. 109.

THIS is rather a desultory pamphlet, but it contains some striking remarks on the affairs of Ireland, and particularly on Catholic emancipation. If it be enquired, says the author, to what positive oppressions are the Catholics exposed?

‘The querists should recollect, that, in removing the more rigorous restraints to which the Catholics were subject, we created a new scale of suffering which is felt perhaps more intensely than the former one. The Catholic is no longer disabled from purchasing or inheriting land; from having arms or horses; from being guardian to his own children, &c. &c. but these rude and vexatious infringements on domestic happiness and social security have given place to *intellectual inflictions*, of which every Catholic, animated with honourable ambition, must be acutely sensible. All the nobler prizes in the great lottery of life; all the dignified stations and distinguished rewards, which quicken the diligence and cheer the labours of the aspiring in every walk of existence, are monopolized by a privileged order of the community, to the utter exclusion of a great body of their fellow-countrymen, professing a faith somewhat dissimilar.’

When we removed from the Catholic,

‘what may be called his corporal calamities, we implanted in his mind the seeds of hope, and the elements of ambition. Can we blame him then for fostering under our own hands—for throwing out the verdant shoots grafted by our own liberality—for rising into that aspiring independence which is the natural consequence of all generous cultivation? It may be doubted whether the grinding and oppressive laws under which the Catholics laboured forty years ago, were not more prudent as well as more humane, than the policy which prescribes the permanency of the existing system. There was a horrible consistency in the aggregated enormities of the penal code, that rendered it a secure and stable superstructure of tyranny. But the remaining disabilities which affect the Catholics, assume a character wholly different. Fruitful in discontent, though for safety utterly inefficient, they irritate the Catholic, without shielding the Protestant from apprehension. One party is aggrieved while

another is alarmed, and distrust and danger are the inheritance of both.'

The author truly remarks, that converts are multiplied more rapidly by tolerance than by persecution.

' Remove impositions from the profession of a faith, and uncheered by the prospect of martyrdom you will see the zealots of this day subside into the indifferent and impartial philosophers of another. Notwithstanding the novelty of the reformation, the Protestants of Queen Elizabeth's time relaxed in their enthusiasm, and betrayed a sort of orthodox oscitancy which conducted not a little to the remarkable tranquillity of her reign. A hundred years subsequently, the attempted persecutions of James II. revived all the slumbering and satisfied protestantism of England, and as the temporal advantages of the sect became diminished, the confluence of the confirmed and converted was greater and more rapid than ever. The truth is, that the Catholics would have more to fear on this ground, in the event of emancipation, than the Protestants. The stream of public opinion in Europe for the last fifty years has flowed more towards infidelity than fanaticism. The superstitions and abuses of the Romish church have formed the principal topic for the unsparing wits of every country during the whole of that period. In England, the conduct of the Protestant church, liberal, enlightened, and unsullied, has preserved its members not only from imputation but from seduction. The penal code is at present the great bond which unites all intelligent Catholics to the faith of their forefathers. Whatever contempt they may entertain for a religious system which has lost all its weight, and many of its adherents on the continent, still the *point of honour*, the unwillingness to desert a faith which is exposed to such undeserved contumely, will retain them under the banners of popery. But when emancipation shall have taken place, the men of talent and speculation—the aristocracy of mind among the Catholics will no longer evince even a scrupulousness in shaking off the corruptions of their own church, and uniting themselves to the *pure and more perfect institutions of the establishment.*'

ART. 16.—*The Speech of Randle Jackson, Esq. delivered at the General Court of the Bank of England, held on the 20th of September, 1810, respecting the Report of the Bullion Committee of the House of Commons; with Notes on the Subject of that Report.* London, Butterworth, 8vo. 2s.

THE substance of this speech, which has appeared in all the papers, is so generally known, that we need not dwell on the subject, which has already sufficiently occupied our attention in our former numbers. Mr. Jackson intimates that there have been some misrepresentations of his speech, both with respect

to his sentiments and his numerical statements. We have not discovered any thing particularly novel or striking in the notes which are subjoined to the present publication. The public cherish the hope that the notes of the Bank of England will sooner or later be *payable in specie* ; but we fear that the advocates for the stoppage of cash payments, are rapidly extinguishing that hope. Now when all pleasurable expectation of the *future solvency* of the Bank (for at present like other persons who do not pay their debts, they must be deemed insolvent), is destroyed, what will be the value of a Bank note ? A Bank note has not, like coin, any intrinsic value ; and when it ceases to represent gold or silver, which it purports on the face of it to do, what does it represent ? Nothing either in heaven above, or in earth beneath. But the worst of it is that this nothing, this *phantom*, this indescribable *jack-a-lantern*, is the great incentive to a desperate spirit of mercantile gambling, and is the means of spreading bankruptcy and wretchedness over the land. The late advance in the price of dollars, is, in our minds, only another and a most alarming proof of the depreciation of Bank paper. Gold and silver are not rising in the great market of Europe, but Bank notes are, we fear, rapidly falling in the English market. The mercantile prosperity of this country greatly depends on reciprocal confidence ; and this confidence has hitherto been very much held together by the supposed stability of the Bank, which may be called the key stone in the vast arch of public credit. But when the key stone, which has already begun to give way, has fallen to the earth, how is the remainder of the fabric to be upheld ?

*ART. 17.—Remarks relative to the Danger attendant on Convoy; together with a Proposition for the better protection of Commerce from Sea-risk and Capture; earnestly recommended to the Attention of all Merchants and Ship Owners throughout Great Britain. By Richard Hall Gower, Author of a work on Seamanship, and of an Account of the foremast'd vessel, *Transit*. London, Mawman, 1811, 8vo. 1s.*

THE ravages which have of late been committed by the enemy upon our trade, and even within sight of our coasts, seriously demand the attention of government, and call for a system of more vigour and vigilance for the defence of our merchantmen than has hitherto been pursued. The author of this work, who is well known by his treatise on seamanship, and who has paid great attention to naval architecture and maritime affairs, advises the administration to create a navy of small vessels, by which alone he thinks that we can oppose, with effect, the enemy's privateers, with which the channel swarms. Mr. Gower would establish a chain of naval posts along the shore, at short but convenient intervals, between which one or more small armed vessels, according to the exigencies of the situa-

tion should be continually cruising. The establishment of this line of defence would very effectually protect the *home* and the *coasting trade*. For the particular details of this plan, as well as of that which Mr. Gower more especially recommends for the protection of the foreign trade, we must refer the reader to the pamphlet, which is well worthy the attention of the merchant and the politician.

*ART. 18.—The Consequences of the French Revolution to England, considered with a View of the Remedies of which her situation is susceptible. By William Burt, Author of *Danmoniensis on Banks, and twelve Rambles in London*. London, Longman, 1811. 12mo.*

WE fear that the ultimate consequences of the French revolution have hitherto been too faintly disclosed to be developed by any writer, who is not gifted with more than human prescience. Mr. Burt indeed seems a dabbler in the modern expositions of ancient prophecy; for he tells us, in a note, p. 115, that 'present *appearances* give considerable *weight* to Dr. Faber's *suppositions*, and the battle of *Armegiddon*, in the Holy Land, is by no means an improbable event.' This little sample shows how well qualified Mr. Burt is to descant on the consequences of the French revolution.

### POETRY.

*ART. 19.—Dunkeld, the prodigal Son; and other Poems: including Translations from the Gaelic. By Petrus Ardilensis. London, Baldwin, 1811 price 6s.*

THIS little collection has some claim to attention from the simple and pleasing manner with which the tales are told. The first from the beauty of local portraiture, and the celebrity of Dunkeld, may be reckoned the best, and contains a very just compliment to his grace of Atholl, who has devoted much time and expense to the culture and embellishment of this charming spot, to the construction of a bridge over the Tay, and the improvement of the roads. The notes attached to this little poem are amusing enough.

The 'Prodigal Son' is an interesting and by no means a wire-drawn tale. If the admiration of the reader be not very energetically excited by sublimity of thought or loftiness of expression, he will not be fatigued by an unconscionable prolixity of detail. The poem of the Prodigal Son is a close copy of the beautiful parable in the New Testament, except that, at the conclusion, the elder son is not brought forward as repining at the joy expressed on the return of the repentant sinner. After having squandered his patrimony, and endured great misery and distress, the imprudent youth is seized on his way to Egypt,

by a single Bedouin, who makes him a slave. The prodigal gives the following account of his sufferings and return:

“ While slow we pass’d along the world of sand,  
An Arab troop assail’d our little band : 215  
Alone I ’scape, and no pursuer spy,

Too poor a prize to tempt the robber’s eye :  
Till spent and dying, no assistance near,

This ruthless tyrant seiz’d and brought me here.  
Where, still accrû’d, I must despair and toil : 220

Nor hope again to see my native soil :  
Condemn’d to drink the cup of mis’ry dry,

To live tormented, and unpity’d die.”

“ This said, o’er cheeks that well his anguish told,  
The big round tears in quick succession roll’d. 225

Long had he pin’d, and wonder’d death so slow ;  
As tortur’d wretches wish the fatal blow.

When from the waste some hostile spoilers flew,  
Swept flocks and camels, and his tyrant slew.

For vengeance now th’ assembled tribe prepar’d,  
And deadly war with one consent declar’d.

In forms uncouth implor’d the power divine,  
And mark’d the Hebrew for their idol’s shrine.

“ ’Midst deep recesses of a sea of sands,  
Renown’d afar the hallowed Caaba stands, 235

Displays the gifts devoted Asia brings,  
And boasts the treasures of a thousand kings.

Dark superstition feeds the hoarded store,  
And smoking altars red with human gore.

There doom’d to bleed the guarded victim goes, 240  
In deadly anguish at this last of woes :

Nor reaches half, when in the distant skies,  
He sees proud Leb’non’s snowy summit rise :

Oft tow’rds the scene a longing look he sends,  
While tenfold grief his tortur’d bosom rends. 245

“ Now the dry blast with keenest fervor blows,  
Beneath a rock the wearied guards repose ;

In sleepless woe the pinion’d slave reclin’d,  
(His horrid fate still present to his mind)

Sudden perceives a cloud of sand arise,  
With desperate effort breaks his bands and flies :

Then seeks in vain his lost companion’s bed,  
A sandy hill ascends to heaven instead.

A mountain wave thus swells before the gale,  
And deep in ocean sinks a stately sail ; 250

Or from Libanus white with endless snow,  
A loosen’d mass o’rwhelms the vale bellow :

Men, houses, herds, lie buried in its womb,  
One only shepherd ’scapes the general doom.

Wide o'er the wreck his eyes with horror roll,<sup>260</sup>  
 Grief, terror, joy, at once possess his soul. <sup>260</sup>  
 Such varied feelings in his bosom rise,  
 As home the youth with brighter prospect hies.

‘ Meanwhile the vale with ripen’d harvest glows,  
 And Jordan’s flood his balmy banks o’erflows;<sup>265</sup>  
 ‘Midst golden fields behind his reaper bands  
 In honour’d age the gen’rous father stands;  
 But sad reflections taint his wonted joy,  
 His thoughts still dwelling on his wayward boy;  
 Whom fancy paints in foreign dungeon placed,<sup>270</sup>  
 By lions torn or famish’d in the waste.

‘ The joys surrounding scarce restrain his tears,  
 When distant far a haggard wretch appears.  
 His slow approach the anxious father eyes,<sup>275</sup>  
 And o’er his frame a sudden tremor flies.  
 Assur’d at length, he cried, with rapture wild,  
 And throbbing breast, “ It is my hapless child!”  
 Then instant running kiss’d his son regain’d,  
 And long in silence to his bosom strain’d.  
 Th’ astonish’d son at length for pardon calls,<sup>280</sup>  
 And low in dust before his father falls.’

*ART. 20.—The Wonders of a Week at Bath; in a Doggrel Address to the Hon. T. S——, from F. T——, Esq. of that City. London, Cawthorn, 1811, 8vo. 7s.*

NOT only the *address* is *doggrel*, but the whole is *doggrel*, and worse *doggrel* we have seldom seen. We must, however, commend the paper, which is as thick as pasteboard, and we suppose is not much exceeded by that of the author’s scull, though it is quite as destitute of brains.

*ART. 21.—Milancor, or the Misanthrope, a Poem. By Amer. London, Jones, 1811.*

MR. AMER did very wisely to write A POEM in his title-page, for we should otherwise not easily have made the discovery. We make the following extract from the commencement of this piece of absurdity, in order that our readers may determine whether it be more like poetry or prose:

‘ A man, Milancor, who but little finds  
 In his own species various, though the tribes  
 Of creeping, finny, and of winged things  
 May be more surely class’d than they on whom  
 An angel’s finger dipp’d in reason’s light  
 Has written immortality. His mind  
 Not vacant still, some scope of thought he has—  
 He’ll oft in his imagination climb  
 Through shooting lights, o’er adamantine snow,

Torneo's slippery steeps. But not because Boreas there swells with empire, and deters The approach of pestilential, deadly hordes, Or Frost on every leafless plant suspends Ice-glittering trophies of ascendant might, Or fur-wrapp'd natives mount their rein-deer-sleds, And speed like magic o'er enchanted ground. No : because wearied with cold glitter's glare, Beneath the covert of some snow-clad roof Which with the doubtful shelter it affords Mingles impending ruin ; they retire— Because while there slow, curling vapours rise Which through less frigid atmospheres would wind In tortures to the soul, they sluggards now Hide with impenetrable gloom content.'

## NOVELS.

ART. 22.—*Amatonda; a Tale, from the German of Anton Wall*  
London, Longman, 1811.

THE writer of this tale tells us, that he had an uncle, who was full of sense and whims ; and that

his whims were pardoned for the sake of his sense, and his sense for the sake of his whims. Among these whims were two, to which all others were subordinate ; these were, his love of pearls and tales.

After deliberating some time, he is satisfied, 'that European pearls have a great deal too little water, and European tales a great deal too much.' He therefore rambles over Persia, Arabia, and the Indies, and brings home a collection of pearls and tales. These pearls are left at the uncle's death to the nephew, and the tales to the aunt. The nephew, however, makes an exchange of the 100,000 select pearls for the 10,000 select tales of which Amatonda is one of the first now presented to the world. Bater, a wealthy merchant of Basra, is reduced from splendour to poverty, and, on his death-bed, informs his four sons that his sister had left them a valuable legacy, which was deposited in the hands of her confidential friend, the magician Algol. These four sons are desired to set out for the magician's, and to claim their legacy. This they do with eager steps and sanguine hope, except the youngest, whose name is Hassan. Hassan quits his residence with reluctance, and looks back with feelings of regret on the objects that were dear to him. When they appear before the magician, Algol, he gives them each a casket containing 10,000 Persian pieces of gold, and, at the same time, informs them they must seek the fairy, Amatonda, and that he, before whom this wonderful fairy appears, and whom she encircles with

her magic arms, will be the favourite of destiny, and have nothing to fear from the caprice of fortune. But he must despair of this magic embrace, *who does not live in entire peace with his own heart*. Algol advises them to set out on their pilgrimage to Amatonda, but that he may cause no jealousy among the brothers whom he perceives to have different wants and wishes, he communicates his directions for the search of this fairy to each of them, separately. To the eldest son, *Solmar*, he gives a wonderful sword, and tells him, that the road to *victory and glory* on the war-horse and in the tented field, is the only path in which he is likely to find the *entire repose of his heart*, and that among the groans and cries of the dying in battle, *Amatonda* will *appear before him and embrace him*. The second son, *Murad*, is informed, that he must repair to court and make the best of his prepossessing appearance and the good understanding which he possesses, that he is born to please and to govern, and will find repose no where but in the seat of power, in which place he may be certain of being embraced by *Amatonda*. *Murad* is dismissed with this stale advice, that at court he must accustom himself to think what he does not say, and to say what he does not think, and that he may not err, *Algol* gives him a ring that will press his finger whenever he deviates into honesty. The third son, *Selim*, is told, that he is born a poet; he is desired to go to *Agra*, where he will find judges, particularly female judges, who, by their kind aid, will give perfection to his works, and affix on them the stamp of immortality. He is advised to pour forth his poetical effusions on paper at no allowance and with all possible speed, to change nothing, polish nothing, complete nothing; and as his works must absolutely proceed from nothing and lead to nothing, he instructs him how to form his title pages, which no one is to understand, and assures him, that he will be thought divine when his readers cannot tell what he drives at. He gives him a pen, which is never to become blunt, and which will write as fast as he can speak. The fourth son, *Hassan*, is told, that he will embrace *Amatonda* by turning der-  
vise, and giving one half of his legacy to the poor and the other half to a holy abode, which he may select as a place of refuge. This advice *Hassan* does not follow, but buys his brothers land, and contents himself at home. Whilst his brothers go in quest of the fairy, he makes love to a pretty, industrious girl, whom he is about to marry, when a great princess is announced, who proves the famed *Amatonda*, and embraces him and his bride. From this slight sketch, our readers will readily penetrate the moral which this tale is meant to convey. The translator has kindly informed us, that under the poet, *Selim*, the author satirises the celebrated romance writer, *Jean Paul*, and that in the tale of the waggoners a satire is intended on the Court of Bavaria. This kind explanation was very necessary; the work itself is too dry, and too *germanized* to please the majority of English readers.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 23.—*An Account of the past and present State of the Isle of Man; including a Topographical Description, a Sketch of its Mineralogy, an Outline of its Laws, with the Privileges enjoyed by Strangers, and a History of the Island.* By George Woods. London, Baldwin, 1811, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

MR. WOODS has adopted a motto in his title-page, from which we suppose that he imagines his work to be one of no small importance, and the execution of which required the display of uncommon powers of self-denial in the management of his sympathies and antipathies. No less a person than the great Roman orator is put in requisition to furnish a trait of that historical excellence, which Mr. Woods, no doubt, flatters himself that he has evinced in his account of the Isle of Man. We shall quote the passage of Cicero, as it is given by Mr. Woods: “Quis nescit, primam esse historiæ legem, nequid falsi dicere audeat? deinde, neque verè non audeat?” Such is the specimen which Mr. Woods has exhibited of his classical attainments. Mr. W. says, that among the Manks, he does not know any one who has distinguished himself ‘by fire of genius, or profundity of learning.’ Surely Mr. Woods, during his sojourn in that country was not so ungrateful as not to supply them, in return for their hospitality, with his large superfluous stock of knowledge and of wit. From Mr. W. we learn, that the ‘trade’ of prostitution was tried at Douglas, and ‘found not to answer.’ The failure of this undertaking is attributed to the ‘laxity of morals!’ Mr. W. sometimes makes us stare with astonishment at the sagacity of his remarks: For instance:—he tells us, p. 100, that ‘To support life is a mere animal propensity.’ Those who intend to take up their residence in the Isle of Man, and have the ‘animal propensity,’ which Mr. Woods mentions, ‘to support life,’ where they may elude the grasp of their creditors, or live on the fruits of fraud and imposture, may find some useful information in this work; but it has little to interest the general reader; and is, on the whole, a performance which possesses no claims to our commendation.

and credit has been given to  
the author of a liberal history

## Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in March, 1811.

AMERICAN (the) Review of History and Politics for January, 1811, 8vo. 6s.

Asiatic Researches, or Transactions of the Society instituted at Bengal, Vol. 10, 8vo. 15s.

Amatonda, a Tale from the German of Anton Wall, 12mo. 6s. bds.

Appert's (M.) art of preserving all kinds of vegetable Substances for several years, 12mo. 5s. bds.

British (The) Constitution ang- lized. By a Doctor of Laws, 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. bds.

Black (The) Banner ; or, the Siège of Clagernfrith, a romantic Tale, 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 1s. bds.

Baller's (Richard D. D.) Psalms evangelized, in a continued explanation, 8vo. 12s.

Cambridge (the) University Calendar for 1811, 5s. bds. no adver- Calcutta ; a Poem with Notes, 8vo. 5s. bds.

Ecclesiastical (The) and University Annual Register, vol. 3 for 1810, 10s. 6d. bds.

Ecclesiastical Topography, a collection of one hundred Views of Churches in the Environs of London, 4to. 4l. 4s. bds.

East's (E. H. Esq.) Reports of Cases argued and determined in the court of King's Bench, in Michaelmas Term, 1810, vol. 13, part 1, royal 8vo. 7s. 6d. sewed.

Field's (Barron) Analyses of Blackstone's Commentaries, in a series of Questions, 8vo. 8s. bds.

Frederick ; or, Memoirs of my Youth, interspersed with occasional Verse, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.

First (The) lines of a system of Education, according to philosophical Principles, 8vo. 8s. bds.

Genlis (Madame) la Botanique Historique et Litteraire, 2 tom. 12mo.

Grammonts (Count) Memoirs.

and the author named add to what  
is furnished at full value add

the author of a liberal history

of the Society instituted at Bengal, 12mo. 16s. bds.

and the author of a liberal history  
of the Society instituted at Bengal, 12mo. 16s. bds.

and the author of a liberal history

of the Society instituted at Bengal, 12mo. 16s. bds.

Gower's (Richard Hall) Remarks relative to the Danger attendant on Convoy ; together with a Proposition for the better protection of Commerce from Sea-risk and Capture, earnestly recommended to the attention of all Merchants and Ship owners throughout Great Britain, 8vo. 1s. sewed.

Hawke's (The Hon. Annabella) Babylon, and other Poems, 6s. boards.

History (A) of protestant Non-conformity, and of the Society assembling in Hanover Square, 1s. sewed.

Impey's (Elijah Barwell, Esq.) Poems, 12mo. 8s. bds.

Jacob's (Wm. Esq. M. P. F.R.S.) Travels in the South of Spain, in Letters written A. D. 1809—10, 4to. 3l. 3s.

Kirkpatrick's (Col.) account of the kingdom of Nepal, royal 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d. bds.

Keilar's (A. Lieut. R. N.) national Prosperity of Great Britain, 1810, on a sheet, 2s. 6d.

Letter (A) to C. Butler, Esq. Barrister at Law, on the doctrine of uses to Bar Dower, 8vo. 1s. 6d. sewed.

Lucianus Redivivus ; or, Dialogues concerning Men, Manners, and Opinions. By the Author of a trip to Holland, &c. &c. 8s. bds.

Longmate's (B) Pocket Peerage of England, Scotland, and Ireland, 2 vols. royal 18mo. 11. 1s. bds.

More's (Hannah) practical Piety, or the influence of the Religion of the Heart on the conduct of the Life, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

Mason's (Wm. M. A.) Works, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. bds.

Murphy's (Joseph) Natural His-

